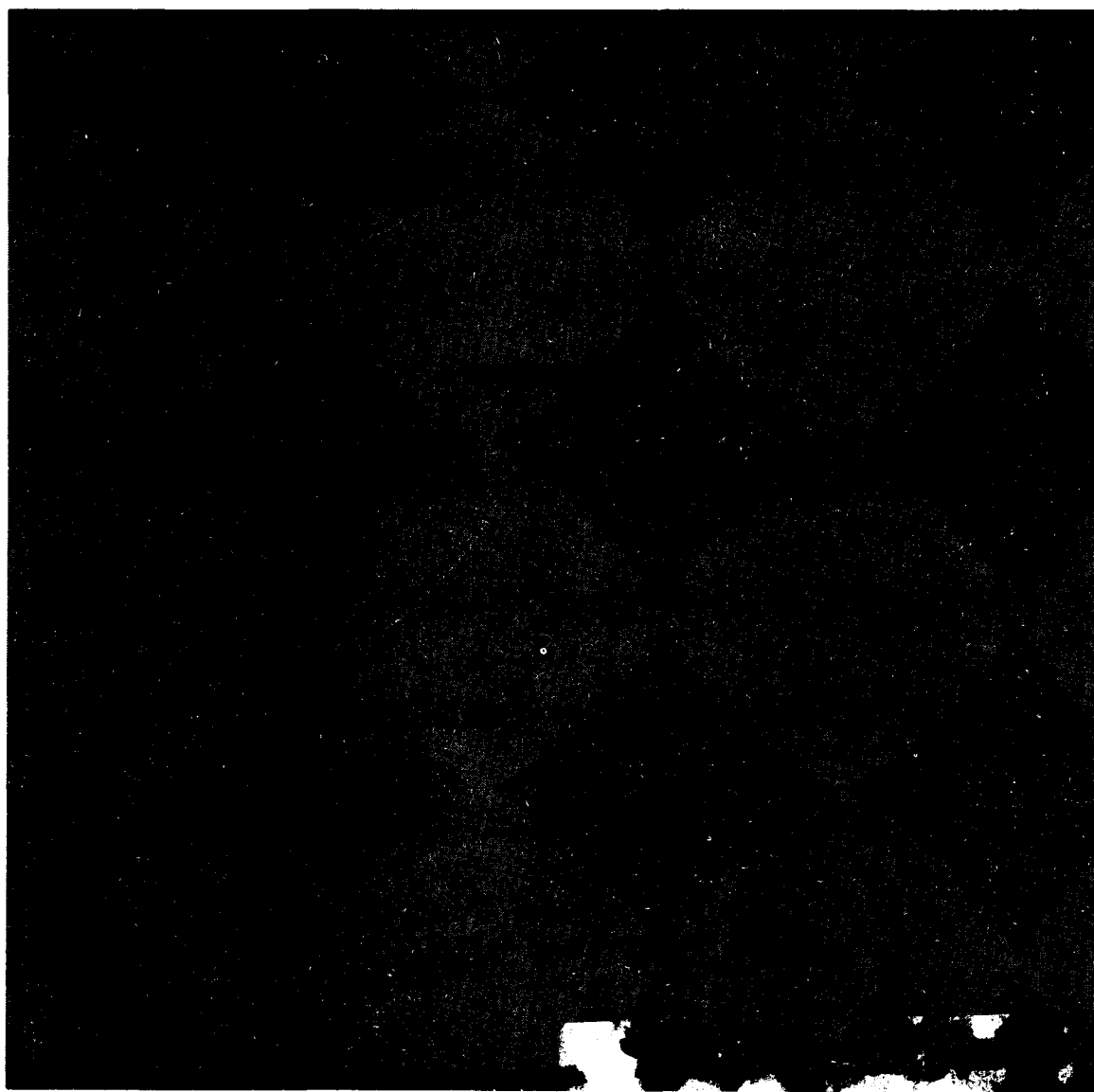


Who's for Barry? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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from
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A Softer Wind Blows

★ For 18 years the USA and USSR have quarreled over nuclear disarmament; each has acquired at enormous expense bombs enough to destroy the other; each has known it was folly to proceed yet neither knew how to stop.

Now Averell Harriman is in Moscow. It is time to recapitulate a bit. The two rivals have been coming closer together, though imperceptibly. In Kennedy's speech at American University, June 10, he told Khrushchev that he would withhold nuclear tests in the atmosphere; in his East Berlin speech of reply, July 2, Khrushchev appeared willing to discuss a ban on tests in air, water and space. That left underground tests uncovered—where the US now proposes seven on-site inspections a year and where Khrushchev hints that he will accept three. For any other two nations, on any other subject, it would seem incredible to come so close and not reach agreement.

Hardly daring to believe it, we see some favorable omens. Moscow and Washington have agreed on a "hot line" to open in September, for use in emergencies. Simultaneously the fissure between Red China and the Soviets has yawned into a chasm at the new conference in Moscow. Meanwhile Belgium's foreign minister Spaak, who might be considered the spokesman of the West, has talked with Khrushchev, described him as friendly, and reported that the time is ripe for test talks. A softer wind blows from the Kremlin!

Well, we have been disappointed before. It is notable that Khrushchev links an East-West non-aggression pact with any agreement ending tests. That is vague enough to wreck the confer-

ence if propaganda is what Khrushchev wants. We can only wait prayerfully now and see how Harriman fares. The overwhelming majority of Americans pray for a test ban agreement; the Louis Harris poll shows a 73 percent favorable response.

Finally, we think a kind word should be said for President Kennedy. Succeed or fail, it is he who has brought the negotiations to this point; he could have shouted and shaken his fist, but he has remained cool and patient. He could have been emotional, bellicose, vituperative; he has remained quiet and resolute.

The Wags of Prince Edward

★ We urged tourists recently to hurry to charming Prince Edward County, Virginia, and savor for themselves its unique distinction: for four years it has been the only spot in the English-speaking world where all public schools are deliberately closed. The roguish town fathers closed all the schools as a joke upon the Negroes who sought integration. The waggish school board has been chuckling ever since.

Here, we assumed, was an idyllic isle of lassitude and illiteracy; but alas, writers inform us that dissension exists even here. There is a rebel, Dr. Charles Gordon Moss, dean of the local Longwood College who, with an obstinacy worthy of a better cause, argues that even Negro children deserve public schools. (There are private schools for most white children.)

Dr. Moss, a Yale PhD, evidently has little sense of humor. The *NY Post* recently sent reporter John Cashman into the county, who records this amusing experience: "'I can do 'rithmetic', one forlorn Negro child volunteered.'" When asked to add one and one (Cashman reports) "he pulled on a frayed overall pocket for several minutes, agony etched on his face. Finally he looked up shyly and asked, 'Seven?'"

Incidents as comical as this will beguile the tourist at every turn in the County That Closed the Schools.

Who's on Trial?

★ The big story in Washington continues to be civil rights and, more and more, Congress itself. It is strange that

in a great country like the US the serious student has to stop and ask himself, "Is Congress really capable of dealing with a historic social revolution?" or, to put it more bluntly, "Can Congress function?"

Stalled legislation is now backed up in Congress for blocks. There is a lethargic, apathetic air. The whole Kennedy program is halted. Next month a really extraordinary situation may emerge: a filibuster and a march on Washington by civil rights advocates. If Congress abdicates in this crisis, it will be impossible, we believe, to keep hotheads under control. Hubert Humphrey as so often happens was the one who put the thing best to the Senate last week, after the arrest of national churchmen at the segregated Baltimore amusement park: "Negroes are not on trial in our country. Churchmen are not on trial. We are. And we are not giving a very good demonstration. The antiquated procedures of the Congress contain little to commend them to modern government. We have not legislated. We are late, very late."

Meanwhile, in politics, a perceptible "stop-Goldwater" movement is appearing among frightened Eisenhower moderates of the party, and various favorite son candidates are appearing, generally with the purpose of holding state delegations out of the Goldwater reach. The Goldwater boom is causing a more serious study of his erratic record. In 1961, for example, in the Newburgh (NY) controversy, he wrote a letter to the then city manager Joseph McD. Mitchell, praising his 13-point code to throw poor people off the relief load—most parts of which were found illegal. Mitchell, whom the Senator then hailed, last week resigned to become an organizer for the John Birch Society.

★ *Notes:* If you want to floor the patronizing conservative who denounces deficit spending we suggest "A Primer on Government Spending," Robert Heilbroner & Peter Bernstein (a Vintage paperback, \$1.45); it is as simple, brief and lucid a demolition of the Eisenhower inflation bogey as we have yet found. . . . And finally, why shouldn't the 59 US students go to Cuba if they want to? When did it become a crime for people to want to see for themselves?

Who's for Barry?

THE WEEK

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Senator Barry M. Goldwater was observed in the Senate caucus room just before the July Fourth recess listening as the Attorney General explained the Civil Rights Bill. What a contrast he is to his predecessor as custodian of the conservative conscience – Robert A. Taft. Taft came rarely to meetings of Senate committees not his own, but when he did he suffused the room with the sense of having come on some exercise of power and purpose. He was a presence; Goldwater is a member of the audience. Yet Taft never had a real chance to be the Republican nominee for President, as Barry Goldwater seems at the moment to have. Goldwater has inherited the Taft following and is the chosen instrument of that passion for vengeance which endures in the Taftites a decade after his death. But Goldwater has inherited nothing of Taft's intellectual muscle. The faint glaze over the eyes indicates how heroic a discipline Goldwater needs to sustain the attention span. Not that he is anti-intellectual; perhaps it is his respect for the intellect which prevents his aspiring to its possession. Show him a Doctor of Philosophy who has composed a college outline of Adam Smith and he is on his knees to Edmund Burke: next week there *will* be more time and he *will* take the Great Books course.

So he sits in the caucus room listening – this man who has come to embody the Absurd Right. That this role should come to Goldwater is in itself absurd. He rallies the unreconciled, yet few men in public life seem more easily reconciled. He is as notable for the absence of rancor as his partisans are conspicuous for its presence. Other men have risen in other places to repeal history over the last decade, but Barry Goldwater cannot be compared, in praise or blame, with any of them; who could imagine a Beaverbrook who is humble, a Poujade who is pleasant or a de Gaulle whose major exercise of creative imagination had been the design of a pair of underdrawers stamped all over with ants, for sale to men with ants in their pants. Nevertheless, the Senator's following is large, excited and serious. To be a Goldwaterite is, above all, to convey how seriously you take yourself, though Goldwater has never seemed to take himself seriously. A journalist who spent most of one day with him felt compelled at the end to remind the Senator that many persons did not think he had quite the brains to be President. "Well," Goldwater is supposed to have answered, "when you put it that way, I wonder."

Who are the Goldwaterites? Most of the Draft-Goldwater Committee managers, already surprisingly professional, are graduates of

Young Americans for Freedom. They are examples of how quickly what begins as a cult ends as a civil service. The movement has two separate streams of thought: what its leaders know and what their followers need to believe. These two streams converge in Peter O'Donnell, the Texan who is the movement's chairman. Thus, O'Donnell displays a map which shows Goldwater beating Kennedy with 301 electoral votes next year, drawn from the South, the Rockies and enough of the Midwest to offset New York, Pennsylvania, California and other big states hopelessly corrupted by unions, Negroes and bookstores. This tabulation also shows Goldwater claiming Illinois and conceding Michigan, although the states are enough alike for the candidate who hopes in one hardly to despair in the other. But when pressed, O'Donnell concedes that the map isn't really a serious document: "We put this thing together when the most important thing was to convince our people they had a chance to win." Well, one doesn't expect a document for the propagation of the faith to read like a survey by the Brookings Institution.

Because experience has suddenly made them sophisticated, these Goldwater professionals are detached about the Goldwater amateurs and even a trifle disturbed by them. To illustrate, a reporter asked one of the young managers whether the Young Republican

convention in San Francisco last month – where the first wild yawns for Goldwater were heard – had really been the Birchite revel the Eastern press had described. "It was worse," he answered. "I didn't go, but people came back here with their hands shaking like leaves." He was talking about the Birchers the way a United Mine Workers organizer might have talked about the Communists in the CIO around 1937 – something you can use to row the boat, hoping you won't be swamped.

On Independence Day Senator Goldwater was leading Phoenix's Frontier Day parade – he is a man on a white horse only for assisting Chamber of Commerce promotions – and the Goldwaterites were meeting in Washington to draft him for President of the United States. It was one of those assemblages where a moderate is identified by a button saying "Keep Prayer in the Schools" and an extremist by a button saying "Repeal the Income Tax." One of the moderates, a Missouri legislator, talking about the Birchers, said: "The society does some good. It gets people stirred up and we give them something to do." The Goldwater rally – minus Goldwater – drew 9,000 people to the Washington Armory, and on a night when free fireworks were offered at the Washington Monument. The loudest boos were for Harvard; the loudest cheers for the playing of Dixie. Congressman John Ashbrook had included in his prepared speech a plea for the election of a Republican Congress because "we all remember how President Eisenhower was handicapped by a Democratic Congress." This was not an audience, however, to which any handicap to Dwight Eisenhower would seem quite painful enough. No one could be sure whether even Eisenhower's name could be pronounced without a response so raucous and offensive as to bring the General down upon the Goldwater campaign like a wounded moose.

Ashbrook may have understood; he forgot to utter the name in public; the evening was saved; the Goldwater movement remained intact. But what about next time, and the time after that?

What's He For?

What does Goldwater believe in? Well, to take a pressing case, he seems to believe in any civil rights law, so long as it is not compulsory, so long as due respect is paid to the right of the minority to filibuster it to extinction, so long as the Republicans do nothing and the Northern Democrats do everything to offend the white South which is Goldwater's hope of rescuing the country. The Senator's ideal of a law, in other words, is one that will do the most to embarrass President Kennedy and the least to alter Southern tradition.

To illustrate, Mr. Goldwater proposes that labor



unions which discriminate against Negroes be denied NLRB certification as collective bargaining agents. Similarly, instead of *authorizing* the President to withhold federal funds from state programs in which discrimination is practiced, he proposes that Congress *require* the President to cut off federal grants-in-aid – just like that – to all projects and programs which discriminate.

It is easy enough to deal with racial discrimination in this meat-axe fashion if – quite aside from the racial problem – you don't much like unions or federal legal protection of collective bargaining anyway, and consider most grant-in-aid programs socialistic and hence sinful. But if you think unions and public welfare desirable, more selective forms of pressure are needed. The aim, after all, as we all need to remind ourselves occasionally, is not to punish white supremacists but to change them. If they cannot be changed, or cannot be changed right away, cutting off funds may simply throw away federal bargaining power, while hurting both Negroes and whites.

As to labor unions, there is law already on the books. As early as 1944, the Supreme Court held that under existing statutes a union which is certified as collective bargaining agent must fairly represent all the employees, whether or not union members, of the employer with whom the union has been certified to bargain. Specifically, the Court upheld the right of a Negro who had been discriminated against in a collective-bargaining agreement to get an injunction against such discrimination. The Supreme Court has not yet taken occasion to say whether or not, under existing statutory provisions, unions which are certified collective bargaining agents are under a duty not to practice racial discrimination in their membership policy. Many lawyers think, however, that the Court will eventually enforce a Negro right to union membership under existing statutes. Congress might very usefully amend the National Labor Relations Act and the Railway Labor Act to so provide, quite explicitly.

But that alone won't suffice. The National Labor Relations Board ought to be empowered, as Professor Harry H. Wellington has suggested, to supervise more closely those aspects of a union's dealings with an employer which touch on the racial problem, and to enforce in the flexible way of which an administrative agency as opposed to a court is capable, the public policy against racial discrimination. Yet it would be foolish to think that even such administrative action would solve the problem outright. Only unrelenting pressure of public opinion on the leadership of the labor movement, continuous governmental pressure in connection with all publicly-financed activities, and an economy which provides jobs for all can come close to ensuring equal opportunity. Mr. Goldwater's support for these things has been, at best, indifferent.

The Picking of Judges

"I could not, in good conscience, pass upon this matter today without first making it clear, for the record, that I personally regard the 1954 holding of the United States Supreme Court in the now famous Brown case [Brown v Board of Education, the School Segregation Cases] as one of the truly regrettable decisions of all times. Its substitution of so-called 'sociological principles' for sound legal reasoning was almost unbelievable. As far as I can determine, its only real accomplishment to date has been to bring discontent and chaos to many previously peaceful communities, without bringing any real attendant benefits to anyone.

"And even more regrettable to me is the fact that almost without exception the trouble that has directly resulted from this decision in other communities has been brought about not by the citizens and residents of the community involved, but by the agitation of outsiders, from far distant states, who, after having created turmoil and strife in one locality, are ready to move on to meddle in the affairs of others elsewhere."

So wrote Judge E. Gordon West of the US District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana, in the case of *Davis v East Baton Rouge Parish School Board*, decided March 1, 1963. Judge West was appointed by President Kennedy in September, 1961. His action in this case demonstrates the President's all too minimal standard of qualification for a place on the federal bench in the South. All the President apparently requires to be assured of is that a man will do his constitutional duty. This Judge West did. The suit had originally been filed in February, 1956. Now Judge West was acting under a binding mandate from the Court of Appeals, dating from 1961. He ordered the school board to present a desegregation plan to him no later than July. But first he made the statement quoted above. Then he added that he had "no choice, however distasteful it might be," but to follow the mandate. Then he complimented "the local Negro leaders" for not having pressed for more speed during the two years since the mandate had been issued. And finally, "therefore, reluctantly" he was "constrained" to act.

Cases in which judges are "constrained" to act in a particular way are the exception. What is one to expect of Judge West in the much more usual case in which seven years of litigation have not yet elapsed, and in which, for this and other reasons, there is room left for the exercise of his own discretion? And how satisfying shall we think that this victory, finally wrung from Judge West, will be to those who wrung it? How effective will the grudging, insulting "law" that issued from Judge West be in keeping the Negroes from taking to the streets?

A Fifth International

Long before the Chinese delegation packed its bags and headed for Moscow for the private talks which at this writing are in recess, it had become obvious that "international Communism" was split by more than a few superficial cracks. The Chinese are after Khrushchev's head. Failing this, they seem prepared to cut the international Communist movement in two and create a Fifth International.

The Chinese gave the first hint that they were seriously considering such a step at the 1960 Moscow Conference. When it became obvious that the Russians planned to use the conference not merely to restore Communist unity but to discredit the Chinese and their deviations, Teng Hsiao-ping, the brittle and brittle-tempered secretary general of the Chinese Communist Party, challenged Khrushchev personally and in highly derogatory and threatening terms. In the second of his two major speeches, when the Russians by and large had carried the conference, Teng admitted that most of the delegates were against the Chinese views, but declared this was only because of "misunderstanding which had been aggravated by slanderous lies." He accused Khrushchev of "talking without knowing what he was saying, which he frequently does."

Referring to the Soviet withdrawals of technicians from China in August, 1960, Teng angrily criticized the Russians for increasing Soviet aid at this time to India. "The struggle for peaceful co-existence can be considered only as a tactical maneuver, a means of moral disarmament of those same countries," he said. Then he added: "In the international Communist movement, the minority is not bound to adopt the general political line adopted by the majority. It has the right to devote its full attention to continuous action, without any limitation."

To leave no doubt in the Russians' minds about his meaning, he said the Chinese would not hesitate to go their own way, just as Lenin by splitting the Social Democratic Party into Bolsheviks and Mensheviks had used a minority to win a majority.

This is precisely the course the Chinese have since pursued. A book entitled *Khrushchevism* by Theja Gunawardhana, a prominent Ceylonese member of the World Peace Council, which was published this summer with the assistance of a generous subsidy and much documentary assistance from Peking, is an overt statement of the (until recently) covert Chinese line. Widely distributed throughout the Asian-Australasian region to Party members and fringe followers, the book is, as the title implies, a damning denunciation of Khrushchev. He is an "adventurist, opportunist, traitor, manipulator and stage manager," a Shylock "demanding every yen out of the Chinese for military aid to

North Korea," and even a pacifist, afraid of revolutionary war, who encouraged "hysterical sobstuff" in films purporting to show the horror of war. (So much for the World Peace Council!)

All this is secondary, however. The heart of Mrs. Gunawardhana's charge, and of the Chinese charges, is that Stalin created unique opportunities for Communist revolutionary exploitation and that the traitor Khrushchev turned his back on them. The end of the Stalin era, in their view, called for a "relentless class struggle" using the priceless techniques of Mao Tse-tung, which had proved successful not only in overthrowing Chiang Kai-shek and his American backers in China but the French imperialists in Indo-China. Instead, Khrushchev "began a policy of collaboration with, and appeasement of, the imperialist world." He is the man who faltered in the face of victory, a pseudo-revolutionary.

This was the line Liu Shao-chi, the Chinese Head of State, promulgated on his recent tour of Southeast Asia. It has been picked up by Communist parties throughout the region. Of all the parties in Asia and Australasia only those in Australia, India and Ceylon now remain loyal to Khrushchev.

No occasion is now too big or too small for the Chinese to plug their revolutionary message, and no tactic too low to denigrate the Russians. At Djakarta in April the Chinese took over the 42-country Afro-Asian Journalists' Conference, successfully led the opposition to the seating of a 10-man Soviet delegation and pushed through a conference declaration embracing China's call for revolution in the underdeveloped world. At the Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Conference at Moshi earlier in the year they even launched their appeal on racial grounds. "In the hotels of Moshi and in the committee rooms of the conference," wrote the *Kenya Daily Nation*, "the Chinese are pouring out an unceasing message: 'The Russians are going to let you down. Look at Cuba. Look at the agreement on co-existence between Khrushchev and Kennedy. . . . As whites the Russians are going to back the whites, but we coloreds are your blood brothers in the struggle. Only we can understand your problems'."

East-West Detente

Will the Chinese be proved right about "coexistence between Khrushchev and Kennedy?" As a practical matter, a detente of sorts between the US and USSR has been in existence for some years; both recognize that it is unwise to push a country which has nuclear weapons too far, too fast. But the Cuban crisis showed how poorly the Russians judge the real meaning of "too far, too fast," and there is no persuasive evidence that American judgment would have been better had the

roles been reversed. To most, therefore, talk of a detente means settlement of some, or all, of the outstanding diplomatic issues which now threaten to spark a holocaust. This week, with Averell Harriman in Moscow to discuss a ban on atmospheric testing and a non-aggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries, the air is heavy with rumors of new understandings in the making. Even Joe Alsop has shown guarded optimism – a development which should give the most hardened skeptics pause.

Is there something more substantial than usual in the current talk of detente? Nothing visible to the naked eye. An agreement to end tests in the atmosphere and in space might have been signed five years ago, and respected, by France and conceivably Communist China. Today, the genie is out of the bottle and no treaty between those who have already perfected their weapons will put it back. It is even doubtful whether such a treaty would slow the pace of weapons research, though it would be useful as a public health measure. Its principal merit, therefore, lies in its promise of more cooperation to come, especially in the field of arms control.

The same may be said of a joint declaration of non-aggressive intent by NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries. Washington has heretofore assumed, when Khrushchev raised this proposal, that he was trying to obtain more recognition for the East German Government, which is a member of the Warsaw Pact. If it were formalized as a treaty between NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries, such a declaration *would* probably serve Khrushchev's purpose – and it would do more. It would, or at least the Soviets would do their best to pretend it would, tend further to confirm the postwar division of Europe. How dangerous is this? It would be dangerous if the price is widespread feeling among the Germans that the US has officially affirmed the permanent division of their country. But a joint declaration need not mean that. The existence of Communist East Germany has been tacitly recognized in many ways – in trade agreements between Bonn and Pankow, in the acceptance of East German officials as checkers of freight moving in and out of Berlin. A statement by the foreign ministers of East and West – including East Germany's – reaffirming the principles in the United Nations charter would no more imply *de jure* recognition of Ulbricht's regime than the cease-fire agreement on Laos implied recognition of the Chinese government – which signed alongside the US. In both cases, of course, the value of the agreement is doubtful. But neither is likely to do any harm.

What must not be forgotten is that East-West tensions arose and persist because of real differences of national interest and purpose, and the consideration of these differences leads us right back to all the old hard

disputes: Soviet withdrawal from Cuba; an end to civil war in Vietnam and an accompanying withdrawal of US forces; curtailment of Soviet and US military aid programs; disengagement of Chinese and Viet Minh forces in Laos; disarmament; guarantees for the integrity of West Berlin and the removal of the wall; reunification, however gradual, of all of Germany; the creation and financing of an effective UN force to patrol the peace. Nothing has happened to suggest we are nearer to making any real progress on any of these issues than we were six months ago.

What then of some more modest accomplishment, such as a thinning out of forces in Europe? There may be reasons why Mr. Khrushchev might today be receptive to a pull-back of Soviet forces from the center of Europe. That possibility needs to be diplomatically explored – just as reappraisal and reorganization of NATO need to be undertaken. But again, one's hopes are constrained by the facts. The Berlin Wall does not suggest great Soviet interest in closer ties among Europeans. Moreover, further Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe would encourage those centrifugal forces within the satellites which so worry Mr. Khrushchev. The presence of Russian forces in forward positions in Europe does not mean, it seems to us, that a conventional Soviet attack on Western Europe is on Khrushchev's timetable. Nevertheless, if his troops were not there, their absence would assuredly diminish the authority of the Soviet Union – and not only in Eastern Europe.

In sum, we have not lost faith in the possibility of a happier relationship between Washington and Moscow, but it is, to date, a faith based on the evidence of things not seen.

Railway Dispute

Justice Brandeis came to the Supreme Court from a rich background in labor relations; President Wilson, remembering this, called upon him a number of times to assist in settling wartime labor disputes. The Justice always refused. He believed, we assume, that if the robe of a Supreme Court Justice were taken off and hung at the side of the arena while the judge went forth to arbitrate the latest railway labor crisis, it would become difficult to put it on again with moral authority undiminished.

The offer by President Kennedy of Justice Goldberg to arbitrate the latest railway labor crisis was ill-advised for a more mundane reason: the unions had already made it clear that they would not accept any arbitrator. The President turned somewhat in desperation to Arthur Goldberg, of course, not as a judge but as an often brilliantly successful labor mediator. Gold-



berg was a master at finding formulas that labor and management could live with. But the problem on the railroads is to find something the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen can die with.

The events which brought us where we are began in 1959 when the carriers served notice on the unions that they proposed to eliminate jobs guaranteed under the traditional work rules, which they claimed technology had made useless. The carrier demands would have permanently displaced 22 percent of the work force. The firemen would have been the major victims; the carriers asserted that they did not need the fireman, whose major function had passed with the steam engine but who still sat beside the engineer in the cab of the diesel.

The quarrel came at last to a Presidential Railroad Commission which devoted 96 days of hearings and innumerable field studies to what it called the problem of "overmanning" on the railroads. The commission found that the fireman had no necessary function in operating the diesel engine; it recommended his elimination from freight and yard switching operations and his retention only in passenger operations. The carriers, it said, should be permitted to begin to discharge as many as 30,000 of their 40,000 firemen by July of 1963. It is hard, reading the arguments, not to accept this finding as unfortunate, unpleasant but, in the long run, unavoidable. The commission, having found that "tech-

nological advance is a public blessing" conceded the need to "make sure that it is not a private curse." But it could offer very little to lift that curse except the payment of 60 percent of his base wage to every discharged fireman for five years and a guarantee that the carriers would pay 75 percent of the cost of any training program for another career that he might undertake. When all this was done, the commission conceded, in five years "as many as 25,000 or 30,000 firemen would be without protection."

The firemen's union fought back the only way condemned men have ever found to delay their execution, by appeal, delay and public pressure. The President was moved to appoint a new emergency board, which eased the sentence by suggesting that the carriers be permitted to eliminate firemen's jobs by attrition only one by one, as each became vacant. After all, the board went on, even the union had "implied that there may be some significant number of jobs on daylight yards and branch line freight diesels which can be eliminated." Conversely, even the carriers agreed that there are freight diesels on which a fireman has a necessary function. Could not, the board asked, the parties bargain with each other within these areas of agreement?

But bargaining is not a habit on the railroads, which are wards of government. The carriers can assume, from experience, that the President will not permit a national railroad strike; they are assured that their claim will finally be judged by some third party arbitrator and that it will be buttressed by the findings of a Presidential commission that the fireman is useless. Under those circumstances they hardly need to bargain.

The union has been stubborn and unreasonable, but there is no requirement in natural law that an organization be reasonable when its life is at stake. If the firemen had been reasonable, their layoffs would have begun this month. In such a situation, the President's offer of Justice Goldberg as an arbiter had to be unacceptable; you cannot ask men voluntarily to enter a pact for their own destruction.

So now the President must try the hazards of Congress and another lesson in the bad laws an emergency can produce. And yet this matter is not important as an emergency but as a reflection of a chronic economic condition that cries out for some solution that is not piecemeal. The firemen are just one other instance of an occupational group made obsolete by technological change. The Presidential commission's original decision that they are useless was sound in reason and statistics and in history. Yet men caught in such a position resist history and they properly should. Their resistance ought to remind us that something is wrong with a national policy which exhausts its imagination forestalling a strike and offers only platitudes to the conditions which produced it.

How the Swedes Do It

In June—a month of typically high employment, 4.8 million Americans—many of them teenagers—were looking for jobs and not finding them, though employment had risen 1.3 million from May, to a total of 70.3 million. Against this background, a Senate labor subcommittee headed by Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania was hearing of a land where unemployment is less than 1 percent of the total work-force, where there hasn't been a serious strike in the past decade, where the high school dropout is so rare he's an educational curiosity, and where technologically displaced workers shift jobs with far less strain and pain than they do here. The miracle land is Sweden, where (despite nominal socialism) the government takes no part in collective bargaining, establishes no minimum wages and leaves 90 percent of its industrial production to private enterprise. "Socialism" turns out to mean social services and Keynesian economics, not public ownership. Indeed, by Galbraithian standards, Sweden starves the public sector. There are serious shortages of public funds for housing, roads, schools and hospitals. Nevertheless, private property is said to be almost non-existent. Why?

It is true that in Sweden automation hasn't spread as far as in America; that the supply of many goods lags far behind the demand of those who can afford to buy them; that neutral Sweden need not upset her balance of payments by spending on foreign aid; that Sweden has no racial minorities or regional schisms. But if the testimony before the Clark subcommittee means anything, Sweden's success can also be attributed to differences between Swedish and US economic policy.

US Congressmen, for example, bargain over the pork-barrel to decide when and where federal public works will be built. In Sweden, a central economic directorate, which includes representatives of labor and management, administers public works policy as a device for keeping the economy on an even keel—in somewhat the same way that the Federal Reserve administers US monetary policy. (An early New Frontier proposal to have Congress authorize a list of "stand by" public works, to be started at the President's initiative in a recession, languishes in committee.)

A flexible Swedish tax structure encourages businessmen to bank a portion of the profits they earn during economic booms, spending the money on capital improvements when production begins to decline and unemployment starts growing. Swedish businessmen can also reduce their tax bill by locating new plants in those areas where jobs are needed most. About 95 percent of all Swedish housing is built with government loans, and this credit represents another economic throttle—the supply of money expands and contracts to counter the ups and downs of the business cycle.

These policies are designed to curb inflation as well as recession. The public works program, for example, can be halted within a few months after business starts picking up, releasing about 10,000 workers for other jobs. Immigration quotas are relaxed simultaneously and more workers are brought in from Finland, Norway and Denmark. Here, however, Sweden has not been conspicuously successful; its consumer price index has risen 30 percent since 1953, compared to 12 percent in the US.

The Swedes' retraining problem is much like America's, but again the solution has been different. The Swedes assume that the technologically-displaced worker is not at fault for losing his job. They retrain him if necessary, then help him find a new job—free. Government allowances cover his travel expenses while he's looking for a new position, as well as the costs of moving his family and effects if he's re-employed in another community. The costs of unemployment compensation are split 50-50 between the workers and the government (employers paying nothing), and the compensation is administered by the unions.

According to testimony before the Clark subcommittee, Swedish employers subscribe to these policies as eagerly as workers. Berthil Kugelberg, president of the Swedish Confederation of Employers, pointed out, however, that "it is impossible to change opinions of employers and union people suddenly," adding that Sweden's big labor and employer organizations "came into being around 1900, and . . . since then have had time to change each other's opinions."

PHIL HIRSCH

On Getting the Country Moving Again

I didn't get to the plant last week, having spent three days at the window of our empty house in Washington, as at the moated grange, waiting for the moving company to show up with our furniture. This is a company which calls itself, with majestic anti-climax, the National Movers of Brooklyn; it is licensed by the Public Service Commission of New York State and regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission and it took 72 hours to move half a van of furniture over 200-odd miles of highway. I am dimly aware—the movers seem to have lost our Shakespeare—that Romeo suggested to Juliet that our woes should serve as sweet discourses; but I am also aware of what happened to Romeo. Then too, I now find that I cannot even offer my experience as unique; everyone I know who has ever placed himself at the mercy of an interstate carrier seems to remember malignities as bad or worse. On the

morning of my third day at the window, a friend told me that he didn't know anyone who had moved to Washington from New York and gotten his furniture in less than a week.

We chose National Movers of Brooklyn after a discipline of competitive bidding, since its estimate of what the move would cost was \$100 less than those offered by Allied and Republic, the oligarchs against which it so gallantly struggles. A Mr. Murray of National Movers told us, in fact, that he could give us an estimate over the telephone without seeing the cargo; he would, he said, make it cheap because he needed the work. Subsequently, of course, after they were loaded on the truck and beyond recovery, our goods were weighed and the bill came out roughly a dollar less than Allied had estimated. It is know-how and initiative like this which make it possible for the American small businessman to compete with the trusts.

Consumers Union offers a list of things to guard against while moving; they are sound precautions, but the process of moving leaves its victim so red-eyed and knuckleheaded that he might as well try to remember an infantry training film on the beach. Mr. Murray even handed us an ICC booklet on the rights of the customer; he could do this with entire safety because it informed us that we had no rights. The ICC does say that no one should ever let the moving van go away without having a bill of lading in his hand. The next time I move, I hope the President has a federal marshal to spare; all I got this time was an inventory of our goods. Beside each item of our furniture and under the label "condition," there was the initial "f.b.o." which I take to mean, from the code, "fairly bad order." This is in general a fair comment on the state of our tangible possessions; still it's confusing to buy a new high chair and ship it in its original wrappers and see its condition defined as "used, fairly bad order."

National's van left us on Tuesday with a promise to unload us in Washington the next afternoon. At five o'clock on Wednesday, I called Mr. Murray long distance; he was out of the office. I tried again at seven; an associate told me that the van would be along in an hour or so. I tried again at ten; the associate explained that it was, of course, too late for unloading; and I should now expect the van between nine and eleven Thursday morning. At noon Thursday, I called Mr. Murray again; he had just stepped out of the office. At one, I got the associate; he told me his child had a bad cold and I was so distressed that I forgot to ask about the van, so I had to call again at two. He then said that the van had broken down in Delaware, but that it had been repaired and would be at my house by nightfall. Then I thought of the great agencies which were created to protect the consumers; the ICC was very polite about explaining how it had no jurisdiction but that the

address of its New York regional director was available if I cared to write. I called Mr. Murray again at six; his associate said that it was hot (it was) and he couldn't worry about my problems.

So, the next morning I arose from my bed of pain, the floor, and called Louis Lefkowitz, the Attorney-General of the State of New York, and asked if some one could find Mr. Murray and extract from him the truth about our furniture. Louis Lefkowitz is a wonderfully kind and agreeable man and would do the same for anyone who asked him. One of General Lefkowitz's assistants called in half an hour to say that he hadn't had the slightest trouble getting Mr. Murray to the phone. Mr. Murray explained that his supervising driver had gotten drunk and the truck had disappeared and Mr. Murray had thought it was stolen, but that it had then appeared in the grip of another driver who had just been arrested in Laurel, Md., for running through a red light and causing an accident. National Movers would, of course, pay his bail, and I could call the state police if I wanted to find out how the furniture was. Mr. Murray said that National Movers had been in business for 75 years and that he personally found it rather extraordinary that anyone would call the Attorney General about an incident so normal.

At five o'clock on Friday, the van arrived; its supervising driver emerged to say that his mother had been sick and that he needed a chock to put under the wheels because the brakes had gone out somewhere in Maryland. I never found out where.

So the stuff is here with no more damage than might have been covered by earthquake insurance; and I have a receipt which carries on its back the contract I seemed to have signed. It indicates that these people have done nothing against which I have any legal complaint; I am in fact by no means assured that National Movers may not sue me for damaging its driver's psyche by weighing down with our furniture a van that had no brakes.

There must be some practical woman out there who says that it was all my fault and that I should have known better. I beg her pardon, but it is not my fault. I am a victim of society. I am the child of a capitalist system controlled by the public interest. National Movers is a public carrier, licensed by its state, regulated by its nation and advertising in the classified directory. It bears the seal of the ICC, the PSC and the AT and T. Mr. Murray probably has a picture of Cardinal Spellman in his office. Anyone who would suspect such credentials would be not only unpatriotic but reactionary. My only advice to the American consumer is to forget the ICC and other illusions of liberal reform and just holler cop. The next time you have a problem call Robert Kennedy.

MURRAY KEMPTON

"Arise, Sir George Meany"

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour . . .*

This Administration has of course long understood, and Mr. Theodore White has made widely known, the contribution that beauty and wealth can make to political success. As to the pomp and power, the American Presidency has had its chariot Cadillacs and helicopters, and its outriding Secret Servicemen more multitudinous than the sands of the sea. But it took, as Professor Schlesinger might say, political genius of the highest order to see that America was ripe for heraldry.

To an Englishmen, there is something deeply stirring in the news that the design of the President's new medal of freedom ("with accompanying ribbons and appurtenances . . . hereinafter referred to as The Medal") has been entrusted to the United States Army Institute of Heraldry. The Royal College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street had better look to its laurels: it has long benefited from the ambition of American industrialists to join a British county family and hang its coat of arms in the bathroom. Henceforth, it seems, snobs too will be able to Buy American. But the really exciting new departure was concealed in the White House's handout on the new awards: the 31 distinguished winners of The Medal will not only be allowed to wear a bit of something called the "glory crest of the Coat of Arms of the United States, representing high idealism"; they will also get "an oak wreath," which "depicts the accolade aspect of the decoration."

Now the Pentagon's heralds know as well as I do what an accolade is: even that sour old Republican Noah Webster knew it was "a ceremony or salutation used to mark the conferring of knighthood." The heart leaps at the idea. There is the greyhaired elder statesman on bended knee. "Arise, Sir John J. McCloy, trusty and well-beloved chairman of our Establishment." Next the athletic coach. The young President gravely taps the still-muscle shoulder with the flat of the sword. "Arise, Sir Robert Kiphuth. . . . Arise, chevalier Jean Monnet. . . . Arise, Sir George Meany." The great men do rise, and shuffle off to confer with courtly figures from the Pentagon about the crest for their escutcheon, or the wording of a motto.

There was a time when Americans showed what seemed to us a foolish immaturity on the subject of titles of honor. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is reported to have brought Mr. Justice Holmes up to spell professor with a small "p" to avoid any sugges-

tion of European servility. That envious Yankee tradition is almost gone, it seems. Modern Washington understands that when a deputy assistant secretary is addressed as "Mr. Secretary," there is nothing feudal about it: it is to compensate him for being underpaid.

Yet it seems to me that here is one field where we Britons still have lessons to teach; there are no retiring deputy assistant secretaries on the President's list. Nor has the Administration yet grasped the leverage gained by providing honors that spill over onto wives; many a man has stuck to Whitehall and spurned the fleshpots of industry in the hopes that his wife may one day call herself Lady So-and-So. But above all there is the question of sheer quantity. One has only to compare the mere 31 winners of The Medal with Her Majesty's Birthday Honours List to see how far there is to go.

The last such list took up thirteen columns of the smallest type in *The Times* of London. From two barons (both Tory politicians, ennobled only for life) it wound on through baronets and knights bachelor to literally hundreds of members of the Order of the British Empire down to the surely somewhat faint Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air. There were no jockeys or pro footballers this year, as there sometimes are; but there was a lifesaver from Sydney, tribal chiefs and cops, and, most picturesque, "D. Tiger, alias D. Ihetu, for services to boxing in Eastern Nigeria."

I have too much confidence in this Administration's energy and political acumen to doubt that once it sees the road ahead, it will see the possibilities of what British heralds call "the fount of honor." Thirty-one Freedom medal winners this year. Next year, who knows, a column in *The New York Times*. And after Meany, the deluge. But, with English experience as a guide, I have just one warning to offer. The Administration will not be getting the full benefit if it follows its natural instincts and limits its honors to the obviously deserving – ward-healers in Boston, for example, or the directors of the larger charitable Foundations. They also serve the cause of freedom who choose humbler avocations: who manage the Washington Senators, for example. If the mighty Senator struts his hour upon the stage, let us not forget the obscure lobbyist. Sir Leo Durocher – one of nature's knights bachelor? – has taught us that "Nice guys finish last." Nice as medals may be, perhaps what he was trying to say was not so very different from what Gray said in the last line of the verse I started with: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

GODFREY HODGSON

FOREIGN REPORTS

GREECE: *Royalty under Fire*

★ Bertrand Russell's friends took on the Greek Royal family in London last week but were beaten back from Buckingham Palace in non-violent hand-to-hand combat with the police. The Committee of 100 which usually concerns itself with alarming people about the Bomb, has turned its interests to liberating Greece from Queen Frederika and King Paul. The Committee and many others in England regard the Greek royalty as Fascists. As proof of this charge, they cite 1,000 political prisoners held by the Greeks since the end of the civil war 18 years ago. This spring some members of the Committee took part in a peace march in Athens; they were promptly expelled from the country by the constabulary. Then Queen Frederika on an informal visit to London was surprised in the streets by English partisans of Greek freedom, who chased her into a stranger's house where she found refuge. The Queen is a stubborn woman, and this incident apparently made her more determined than ever to go ahead with the planned Royal visit with Queen Elizabeth, which has just taken place. Before she left her country, however, the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, a royalist, resigned in protest over the visit; he thought it would have been more dignified for the Queen to stay home. The government now has been patched together under Mr. Pipinelis, another royalist, but his government will last only until elections which are expected to be held soon.

TASMAN SEA: *A Moat Between Allies*

★ The Southeast Asia Treaty Organization continues to exist only because it would be a humiliating admission of failure to abandon it. Mr. Pote Sarasin, its Secretary-General, expressed what may well become its epitaph when on December 12, 1960, he said: "While Laos is protected by SEATO against aggression, this does not mean that the organization was designed to prevent states from going Communist." It was designed, of course, for no other purpose. But SEATO's poison has been meat for ANZUS (Australia, New Zealand and the US), for Australia and New Zealand constitute the only really solid base in the notoriously unstable Southeast Asia-South Pacific region, and US commitments under the ANZUS treaty have been reinterpreted to encompass more than the improbable, and almost forgotten, threat of Japanese expansionism.

Since both Australians and New Zealanders sometimes feel that the US is lynx-eyed when Communists are involved and myopic when it comes to dealing with other totalitarian, or expansionist, forces, Averell Harriman's specific pledge to the ANZUS conference in Wellington earlier this month that the US would regard an attack on the Australian New Guinea territories as invoking its treaty obligations relieved many fears and doubts. Coming on top of the almost equally welcome news that President Sukarno had responded at last to American pressure and was ready to abandon his threats to use force to abort Malaysia, it was a timely reminder to Washington's two South Pacific allies of the security afforded by the American presence and influence in Southeast Asia. It also gave point to the American contention that Australia and New Zealand might well do more for the common effort to preserve peace in Southeast Asia.

To Americans who are inclined to take Australia and New Zealand for granted, and even to regard them as more or less the same country, the existing relationships between the two is a cause for surprise. To most Australians the thousand miles of rough Tasman Sea that separates them from New Zealand is a moat they rarely think of crossing. Though young New Zealanders migrate to Australia in search of opportunities that do not exist at home, the traffic is one way. Even Australian tourists, who flock in thousands to Europe, Southeast Asia, Japan and the United States, rarely give the scenery, fishing and winter sports of New Zealand a second thought.

To the stay-at-home New Zealanders, Australians are rough, rude, uncultured, un-British, unscrupulous and unwanted. Because it is cheaper to buy from Australia – and its own secondary industries are negligible – the trade balance between the two countries is heavily against New Zealand. When it comes to marketing New Zealand primary products in Australia the Australians are quick to find, and sometimes even to invent, reasons for keeping out the cheaper, and often better, New Zealand meat, dairy produce and vegetables. In competition for new world markets, the Australians with their greater resources, and perhaps greater initiative, have usually been first in the field. New Zealand's attitudes toward Australia are, in fact, very similar to Canadian attitudes toward the United States, with one important difference: at least the Canadians know that their security and that of the United States is indivisible, while New Zealanders, under the illusory impression that the Tasman Sea is truly a moat, do not necessarily feel that they must share a common fate with the Australians.

A curious situation has arisen. While Washington, without apparent effect, has been putting more and more pressure on Canberra to contribute additional

guerrilla warfare teams, a squadron of transport planes and naval officers with specialist training to the common (but 99.9 percent American) efforts in South Vietnam, Australia has also been talking to New Zealand about the urgency of doing more in Southeast Asia. While a joint committee on trade was meeting in Canberra to examine, on Australian initiative, some of New Zealand's difficulties, Sir Garfield Barwick, the Australian External Affairs Minister, flew to New Zealand before the ANZUS conference to make the point in several speeches that a common challenge demanded a common response. The reaction was favorable: but for a long time to come Australia and New Zealand are likely to have two unrelated defense budgets, two navies, two armies and two air forces, all equipped without consideration of the urgent need for standardization, and all, inevitably, involving futile duplication.

CENTRAL AFRICA: *Go Down, Moses*

★ Just how big an international nuisance Moise Tshombe and Sir Roy Welensky made of themselves can be estimated by the time it is taking to remove them from politics.

Tshombe fled to Paris last month with neither a Congolese passport nor a visa, and nothing but his illness to keep him, a guarded hospital patient, in the capital of the country which – even more than Belgium – sympathized with his cause in its heyday.

At the same time, just how little of Katanganese opinion Tshombe carried with him can be judged by what happened, when, in his absence, the new states

of East Katanga and Lualaba were created. It is now apparent that at no time did Tshombe have a majority throughout the original province of Katanga; his presidency was the result of Belgian rigging and intimidation in 1960. Now, by splitting up Tshombe's old bailiwick of South Katanga, adding it to the two other states, Tshombe's old capital, Elisabethville, becomes the provincial capital of a multi-tribal province in which Tshombe and his party can no longer expect to commend a substantial following.

Since the new development makes provincial assembly elections necessary, Tshombe must now either return to the Congo, risking arrest (for planning a new secession movement) and/or electoral defeat, or seek exile somewhere. Since no one wants to offend African opinion these days, it is difficult to find a government willing to admit Tshombe, although Portugal might do so. A multi-millionaire, he can pay generously for official hospitality.

As Tshombe lingers in Paris, Sir Roy Welensky, his former side-kick and the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, has been skulking about the ruins of his empire looking for something to do. The British now have formally dismantled the Federation, and in the process have adroitly prevented Southern Rhodesia from making a bolt for independence. Mr. Field, the new Prime Minister there, seems more interested in priming the economy and cutting down unemployment than in pursuing the apartheid policies which he has been accused of harboring. Without doubt Sir Roy will find some small job in Salisbury which has now become the last outpost of a rapidly shrinking white garrison in Southern Africa.

BY NECESSITY, CAMBODIA IS DRAWN TO MAO

China's New Kinsman

Phnom Penh, Cambodia

There has been a gradual, continuous erosion of Western influence in Cambodia during the past five years. The erosion continues, despite American economic assistance which has totaled over \$300 million since 1954. Its most tangible evidence recently was the state visit to Cambodia of Chinese Communist President Liu Shao-ch'i, which ended with a joint avowal of "kinsmanlike friendship" between the two countries.

Superficially, Cambodia is a protagonist par excel-

lence of non-alignment and of peaceful coexistence with East and West. France built port facilities for the Cambodians at the new deepwater port of Sihanoukville; the Americans built a road from the port to the capital of Phnom Penh. In the capital itself, the Russians have donated a magnificent 500-bed hospital. The Chinese Communists have constructed four factories in various parts of the country. Over-all, American aid outstrips that of other countries, both in quantity and

SUMMER SCHEDULE

*During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:*

*July 27 August 10
August 24 September 7*

*Weekly publication will be resumed with
the issue dated September 14*

in the variety of projects undertaken. The United States even maintains a Military Assistance Advisory Group to train the Cambodian Army in the use of American military equipment.

Yet many Westerners in Cambodia's neat, garden-like capital feel it would be idle to pretend that the country maintains a position of exact neutrality that leans neither to the East nor to the West. Cambodia and its sensitive, highly-intelligent Chief of State, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, seem to be moving slowly but unmistakably toward the orbit of the East, specifically that of Communist China.

The trend is not irreversible, as yet. But persuasion, whether American or French, British or Australian, is unlikely to change it. Nor would larger amounts of economic or military aid or both turn the trick.

The only consideration powerful enough to halt Cambodia's seemingly inexorable gravitation toward the Communist bloc, Western observers here are convinced, would be concrete evidence that the West is not losing in Southeast Asia, that Laos is not going to become a Chinese or North Vietnamese satellite, that South Vietnam can withstand the Communist tide.

There is no question that Prince Sihanouk is anti-Communist in his own country. Some years ago he crushed the only significant opposition party, the leftist Pracheachon or People's Party, and 20 of its leaders are still in jail. Sihanouk was King of Cambodia until he abdicated in favor of his father, and is now again (since his father's passing three years ago) its Chief of State. Despite the free and easy informality with which he circulates among his people, Samdech Sahachivin – the Princely Comrade – as he is called in the newspapers, obviously enjoys his royal prerogatives and knows full well that these would not survive a transition to fullblown state Communism. In his frequent barnstorming tours around the country, he has drawn cheers and laughter from his audience by ridiculing the regimentation and excessive labor he found in Communist countries.

But in the arena of international politics, the prince

sizes up with cold realism his country of five million and its chances of survival in a Southeast Asia overshadowed by giant Communist China. He has measured the West, particularly its leader the United States, and found it wanting. He may have no love for Communism, but he is said to feel that if he can convince China that Cambodia is a friend, his people at least can survive, even if the institution of monarchy may not.

Prince Sihanouk's perspective is naturally colored by the historical and racial memories of his people. One thousand years ago Cambodia was a puissant empire with a magnificent capital at Angkor. Its monarchs ruled from the borders of Burma to the South China Sea. Its markets overflowed with costly silks from China and rare spices from the South Seas.

But after centuries of war with Thai and Vietnamese invaders pressing down from the North – the Thais from their original home in what is now Yunnan province of China, the Vietnamese from Tonkin (North Vietnam) – Cambodia declined, until in 1863 King Norodom, one of Prince Sihanouk's forebears, accepted a French protectorate.

The protectorate probably kept Cambodia from being swallowed up by Thailand, while the French conquest of Cochinchina stopped Vietnamese expansion westward. Subsequently, the French subjugated all of Vietnam, as well as Laos. In 1904 and 1907, the French also forced Thailand to disgorge three Western provinces, including the ancient capital of Angkor, which they had seized from Cambodia a century before.

With independence from the French (achieved in 1953), Cambodians have regained a fierce sense of national pride. They cannot forget that all of what is now Cochinchina or South Vietnam was once Cambodia; that in 1700 Saigon was a Cambodian village; that even today there remains a Cambodian minority of 700,000 in the Mekong River delta. They remember that as late as 1941 Thailand invaded and occupied Cambodia's Western provinces, including the priceless cultural and historical monument of Angkor and that only Japan's defeat in World War II restored these provinces to the motherland.

Today both Thailand and South Vietnam disclaim any intention of seizing Cambodian territory. But border incidents do occur from time to time, particularly in the East, where South Vietnamese soldiers occasionally chase Communist guerrillas right across the forest-clad frontier.

Furthermore, Thailand and South Vietnam, unlike Cambodia, have both chosen the path of explicit alignment with the United States against the Communist bloc. The Cambodians cannot help feeling that in any conflict they may have with either of their neighbors, they cannot really count on all-out American support.

This feeling was intensified in 1958 when South

Vietnamese troops pursuing Communist guerrillas not only crossed the border but (so the Cambodians say) moved the boundary markers and claimed they were still in Vietnamese territory. The same year the South Vietnamese representative in Phnom Penh was deeply implicated in a plot by Dap Chhuon, governor and virtual warlord of Siemreap province, to overthrow Prince Sihanouk. A Cambodian appeal to the United States on the border problem proved fruitless, while on the Dap Chhuon case there are Cambodians who still say that the American CIA was also involved.

In an article in *Foreign Affairs* in April, 1958, Prince Sihanouk said that if attacked by his neighbors he would go to the "aggressor of the aggressor." Three months later he initiated steps to exchange diplomatic representatives with Communist China. Since then, Cambodian relations with China have become progressively closer. Prince Sihanouk has visited Peking four times, while the Chinese Communist President conspicuously included Cambodia during his first tour of non-Communist countries this spring.

Finally, Prince Sihanouk is said to feel that American policymakers in Southeast Asia have made one mistake after another. Prince Sihanouk was the earliest advocate of an international conference to safeguard Lao neutrality. The United States, at first lukewarm to his proposal, came around some months later, but the conference was not convened until non-Communist forces had suffered a series of morale-jolting reverses, while a neutralist coalition government was not formed

until June, 1962. By this time Prince Sihanouk thought it was too late to arrest the momentum of pro-Communist forces in Laos, and though his government signed the Geneva agreement guaranteeing Lao neutrality last July, he placed no great stock in its workability. Events seem to have proved him right.

In South Vietnam, the Prince sees the United States repeating mistakes the French made 10 years earlier, trying to fight Communist guerrillas by military rather than by political means, and bolstering in the process what he regards as the corrupt and hopelessly unpopular government of President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Westerners in Phnom Penh feel there is not much the United States can do now to change Prince Sihanouk's frame of mind or to halt the steps he is progressively taking to accommodate his country to what he bleakly feels is the coming order of things in Southeast Asia. One of the last such opportunities came last year, after the Geneva conference on Laos, when the prince sent letters to the chiefs of government of 13 participating nations requesting a guarantee of neutrality for Cambodia. The prince's feeling was said to have been that, whereas Laos alone might prove too weak to stay truly neutral, an international guarantee both of Laos and of Cambodia would set up a buffer zone which the Communists would be bound to respect. France and the Communist powers replied favorably, but the United States, apparently deferring to the Thais and the South Vietnamese, sent a polite rebuff.

TAKASHI OKA

Epilogue in Albany

Were the Mass Marches Worthwhile?

by Reese Cleghorn

Albany, Georgia

The ebullient expectations that sent more than 1,500 Negroes to jail in Albany under the banners of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. have been reduced to sullen despair one year after the last big marches. Almost every week more civil rights protestants are arrested in this hot city of palms, pines, 37,000 whites and

23,000 Negroes in southwestern Georgia, but the home addresses entered on the police dockets are less often Albany than New Rochelle, Brookline, Weston and Melrose. Today the banner taken to jail is usually that of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, a threadbare stepchild of the civil rights movement, born of the 1960 college student sit-ins, cut free by its young leaders' decision not to accept direction from older organizations or Dr. King, and nurtured at present by the

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willingness of students from Princeton, Temple and Barnard to spend a hot summer on the firing lines of social action.

Once the goal was to fill the jails. But the Albany City Jail, which had working agreements with fortresses in neighboring counties, proved a bottomless pit. Not since Albany has anyone taken Dr. King literally when he has talked of filling the jails of the South. Today in Albany the goal more often is to pass out handbills or picket, and it is the police rather than the students who usually decide whether to fill some of the jail.

"It's a Police State We Live In"

Albany remains a monument to white supremacy. At this moment it represents at once the triumph of sophisticated segregation and the low point for the mass demonstration in this, the decade of the mass demonstration. It was here that the ambitious "jail-ins" began, and here that they were found wanting. Does the outcome suggest what may happen in other urban centers of the old Southern plantation country, where segregation is only beginning to be tested? Police Chief Laurie Pritchett, whose national acclaim has taken him to the podium of a Ford Foundation-sponsored seminar to tell other police chiefs how to handle racial protests, says about 30 police departments in the South have sent officers to learn from Albany.

Albany's Negroes are no less impressed than Southern police chiefs with the capacities of this constabulary. On July 6, Slater King, a Negro businessman who is acting president of the Albany Movement, remarked: "It is a police state we live in here, and the police seem to be getting jumpy." During the previous three weeks more than 100 Negroes and their white co-workers had been arrested for picketing, passing out handbills, disorderly conduct, and, in one instance, starting on a disorganized march.

Negroes once were allowed small-scale picketing in Albany, and Chief Pritchett insists they still may picket in small groups if they are not creating a disturbance. Slater King and other Negroes say, however, that picketing even in small numbers always seem to the police to be a disturbance of Albany's peace. A lack of acceptable picketing crippled the Negroes' efforts to boycott department stores.

Passing out handbills also is likely to bring arrest. Chapter 19, Section 12, of the city code prohibits public distribution of handbills, though it excepts the US mail, newspapers and commercial advertising; this mockery of the Bill of Rights thus is very precise, being limited principally to ideas. When six white and Negro rights workers passed out leaflets in May urging defeat of a bond issue as a protest against segregated facilities,

they were hustled off to jail as summarily as if they had been putting dynamite under City Hall.

If the police are jumpy, they are not alone. There has been violence in the wake of the Negroes' non-violent action, and both Negroes and whites are afraid of more and worse. A white businessman taking his maid home in a Negro section last month suffered a fractured skull when he was bombarded by bricks and bottles. Windows of stores owned by whites and Negroes have been smashed. Negroes have thrown rocks and bottles at police officers, on one occasion smashing a police car and injuring a sergeant inside.

Although Martin King preached nonviolence and even visited taprooms to stress that message, and Laurie Pritchett likes to talk about meeting nonviolence with nonviolence, both men know they are not the only protagonists on this scene. On the first day that Dr. King led his hymn-singing marchers toward City Hall, two well-established Negro teenage gangs lined the streets with concealed knives and other weapons, ready to move in if the nonviolent Negroes were attacked. That is a fact that television cameras, Dr. King and perhaps Chief Pritchett missed, but it is a fact. A talk with some of Albany's younger Negroes, the school dropouts who are jobless and sometimes hopeless, readily establishes that nonviolence is not a settled issue.

Whether it is a cause of, or response to, the recent outbreaks is a matter of dispute, but the police unquestionably have become increasingly ready to make arrests. Once they drew praise for controlling white hoodlums, but Negro bitterness against them is growing. "You just can't drive people the way these people are being driven," a white human relations worker has remarked.

Frustration for the Negroes is more intense because not one of the expectations aroused by the demonstrations of late 1961 and mid-1962 has been realized. "We can turn Albany upside down and then right side up," Dr. King had said. But Chief Pritchett attests correctly: "Albany is just as segregated as ever." In a caustic evaluation, Mrs. Ruby Hurley, Southeastern regional director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has observed: "Albany was successful only if the goal was to go to jail."

Except at the federally regulated airport, segregation was complete when the protests began in December of 1961. Later, transportation terminals yielded to Interstate Commerce Commission insistence upon integration, but except for that, no barriers have fallen. After being closed for a time, the Albany city library is open now to Negroes as well as to whites, but only on a "take-out" basis.

The city bus line went out of business, and a number of parks, swimming pools and tennis courts were

closed. In May the city offered three pools and a tennis court for sale. James H. Gray, a vocal segregationist of Massachusetts origin who publishes the city's only daily newspaper and owns its only television station, bought one pool and a tennis court and reopened these on July 7 for whites only. Police were standing by to seize seven Negroes and two white men making an integration attempt the first day.

Since Albany has repealed its segregation laws in a tactical move, there is no ordinance to prevent anyone from buying recreation facilities and opening them on an integrated basis. But, again, it is not only economics but the police power which would prevent this. No one could operate integrated facilities in Albany without assurance of police cooperation. This was a fact faced by the owners of Albany's bus line: They asked the City Commission for assurance of police cooperation if the line were integrated, and, receiving no such assurance, shut down their operations. In Albany, no one is more important than a policeman.

"A Foolhardy Enterprise"

Aside from desegregation demands, the Negroes most important request was for a biracial commission. Although Mayor Asa Kelley Jr. has urged discussion with the Negroes, the City Commission has repeatedly rejected the idea of a biracial group. The most recent refusal came on July 2, when Jerome Heilbron, a Justice Department lawyer, spent an hour and a half discussing race relations with the seven-member commission. His most optimistic appraisal of the confrontation afterward was that he had found the commissioners "polite and courteous."

From the start of the Albany conflict, the city administration's strategy seems to have been to stand immovable; to refuse even to negotiate; to "eliminate all demonstrations," in the words of Chief Pritchett; to prevent any intrusion by "white troublemakers"; and to maintain order with such effectiveness that the federal government would have no justification for intervention with marshals and troops. It is significant that the city simply does not deal with the Negroes except through Chief Pritchett. When some white citizens tried last fall to begin unofficial biracial talks, the City Commission reacted quickly, calling the move "a foolhardy enterprise" and a "usurpation of this commission's authority." The plan collapsed.

For the Negroes' part, they have never seemed able to make a sustained, carefully directed effort. The original protest marches were suddenly conceived and without specific, limited goals. They began with the arrest of a group of Freedom Riders at a bus terminal, gained momentum at protest rallies that even got beyond the control of leaders running them, and spilled

into the streets in wave after wave of hymn-singing marchers. As the demonstrations continued, however, the number of those willing to be arrested grew small and the marches ended anti-climactically. In July of 1962 they were resumed when Dr. King was summoned from his home base in Atlanta to face trial on a charge of parading without a permit. By then, however, the pattern of Negro ultimatum and white rejection had been set, and the new arrests did nothing to change it.

If anything, the Negroes' ambitions have grown in ratio to the decline of their hopes. Now the demand is for an "open city," with no segregation and without job discrimination. Because of the frustration, however, Negro leadership in Albany is in disarray. The lot of a leader who cannot show his followers any gains in a year and a half is difficult, indeed. After a long trial of this kind, Dr. W. G. Anderson, the articulate osteopath who is president of the Albany Movement, moved to Detroit. Now Slater King, as his acting successor, has to face the rebellion of those who see the Albany Movement as moribund and defeated.

The young men and women of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee ("Snick," in the jargon of the movement) work in Albany but also are busy with the old plantation country that surrounds it. (George Washington Carver helped make this peanut

Waiting in the Wings

The White man pays Reverend Martin Luther King, subsidizes Reverend Martin Luther King, so that Reverend Martin Luther King can continue to teach the Negroes to be defenseless – that's what you mean by non-violent – be defenseless in the face of one of the most cruel beasts that has ever taken people into captivity – that's this American White man, and they have proved it throughout the country by the police dogs and the police clubs. A hundred years ago they used to put on a white sheet and use a bloodhound against Negroes. Today they have taken off the white sheet and put on police uniforms and they traded in the bloodhounds for police dogs, and they're still doing the same thing. Just as Uncle Tom, back during slavery used to keep the Negroes from resisting the bloodhound or resisting the Ku Klux Klan by teaching them to love their enemies or pray for those who use them spitefully, today Martin Luther King is just a 20th Century or modern Uncle Tom or religious Uncle Tom, who is doing the same thing today to keep Negroes defenseless in the face of attack.

MALCOLM X

In an interview on June 25, 1963, with Dr. Kenneth Clark over National Educational Television.

land rich.) The "Snicks" are an irritant to the whites, and they show unlettered field hands that whites and Negroes can work together as equals; but they have not moved the power structure of Albany.

Neither has a decline in retail business, apparently caused by a reluctance of some people in neighboring small communities to enter a city of strife. Neither has a virtual standstill in industrial growth in what had been a booming little city, one which doubled its population between 1950 and 1960. "They're just not going to do anything, regardless," former Mayor Taxi Smith says of the city commissioners.

Part of the demoralization of the Negro community may be attributed to a diffusion of goals. "Some just want to demonstrate, without real purpose," a local Negro leader said. "Just to get 15 people and say let's go to jail doesn't accomplish anything. Nobody even knows about it until it's over. There are three things that we could do successfully if we organized properly: register, boycott and push on employment. Voter registration is almost dead. You can't demonstrate and register, too. The boycott of stores hasn't been effective. As for employment, we are working on it, slowly."

Negro employment on the lower levels actually is probably worse than before the marches. Slater King estimates that 20 percent of the maids and cooks lost jobs permanently because of animosity aroused by the protests. ("We've been good to her for 20 years," said one hurt white employer of a cook who had demonstrated. "Now she's done THIS to us.")

Week by week the city has summoned more of the Negroes who were released on bond, fining them. Another bond then must be posted for the appeal. So far, according to one official's estimate, between \$250,000 and \$275,000 in cash and security bonds has been posted.

A New Sense of Dignity and Destiny

Though the Albany campaign thus may be seen as negative in tangible results, another measure may be applied. Dr. King says this: "There is still a great deal of work that must be done in Albany. However, I think it must be said that we have achieved something. We have made it possible for the leaders of Albany to confront segregation and the Negroes of Albany have been made more aware. This movement gave a new sense of dignity and destiny to the Negro citizens of Albany. For this reason, Albany can never be the same again. Negroes have straightened their backs, and you can never dump your load until you have straightened your back."

King agrees with some of his critics on one point: that it was a mistake not to limit the goals. "Albany . . . was the first time we had made a full-scale assault on

all forms of segregation, dealing with the whole structures of segregation," he said. "I think it would have been better to concentrate on one area." Were the mass marches worthwhile? "I think so. It has proved to be the only thing that can arouse the entire community and imbue the people with courage to endure a long, hard struggle."

An earnest white SNCC worker, Joyce Barrett, of Philadelphia, also spoke not long ago of accomplishments in the realm of the spirit. "If we never registered a voter, never got a change in the structure, it would still be worthwhile to bring a change in people, to help them find a new direction," she said. But Miss Barrett's words, voiced not long after she had come to Albany from human relations work in Philadelphia, perhaps had a less hopeful aspect after she had become intimate with the Albany jail. A few days ago she described Albany as a place of "bitterness, anger and frustration."

The chief hope for change, in structure if not in spirit, lies now in court action, which was neglected at first in the frenzy of the demonstrations. First fruit apparently will come in the schools, and other court action is pending. Charles Wittenstein, director of the American Jewish Committee in the Southeast and an experienced observer of racial events there, made some pointed remarks about this in a private gathering. Though his words were not intended to be made generally public, they have attracted much attention among civil rights workers in the South.

"If lunch counter desegregation represents the high water mark of direct action by use of picketing and boycotting," he said, "then Albany, Ga., represents its low water mark—indeed, its most dismal failure. We have seen an enormous amount of time, effort, money and sacrifice expended in an effort which has, to this day, failed to desegregate anything whatsoever. All it has succeeded in doing is to create bitterness locally and embarrassment of the United States internationally.

"The explanation for the failure is the lack of clear thinking about tactics. . . . The situation was ideally suited for neither direct action nor negotiation, but for litigation. Finally, a suit was filed by the NAACP, and it will be this suit, or one like it, that will eventually bring desegregation to Albany, not Martin Luther King, not the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, and not the courageous but futile demonstrations by Negroes of the Albany Movement, or their visiting Northern supporters."

Behind his desk in City Hall, Laurie Pritchett, a ruddy-faced, red-haired man in short shirt sleeves, who seems to like being told he is the man who beat Martin Luther King, says Albany always has been ready to abide by court orders. The police, says Pritchett, will do their duty.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Celine: The Sod Beneath the Skin-I

by Irving Howe

The underground man, both as literary figure and social type, first enters European awareness in the 19th Century. As rebel against the previously secure Enlightenment, he rejects the claims of science, the ordered world-view of the rationalists, the optimism of the radicals. He speaks in the accents of romanticism, but a romanticism gone sour and turned in upon itself. He is tempted neither by knowledge, like Faust, nor glory, like Julien Sorel; he is beyond temptation of any sort. The idea of ambition he regards as a derangement of ego, and idealism as the most absurd of vanities. He hopes neither to reform nor to cure the world, only to escape from beneath its pressures. For he believes – it is the one thing he believes entirely – that the world is intent upon crushing him, and he takes a spiteful pleasure in delaying its victory. That in the end it will crush him, he never doubts.

A creature of the city, he has no fixed place among the social classes; he lives in holes and crevices, burrowing beneath the visible structure of society. Elusive and paranoid, he plays a great many parts yet continues to be recognizable as a type through his unwavering rejection of official humanity: the humanity of decorum, moderation and reasonableness. Even while tormenting himself with reflections upon his own insignificance, the underground man hates still more – more than his own hated self – the world above ground.

He refuses definition, fixity, coherence. Meek and arrogant, dialectically resourceful and derisive of intellect, starved for love and scornful of those who offer it, he lives in a chaos of subterranean passions. Beneath each layer of his being there quivers another, in radical conflict with the first. He can move in quick succession from Satanic pride to abject humility and then recog-

nize, with mocking self-approval, that the humility is no more than a curtain for his pride. Nor need the sequel of exposure end there; it could go on forever. From a conviction of his inferiority he abases himself toward everyone: – toward everyone but the men of ordinary decent sentiments who seem to have escaped the abyss of suffering and are therefore regarded by him as objects of contempt. Yet to say this is also to notice his conviction of superiority, for at heart he is gratified by the stigmata of his plight and regards his pain as evidence of distinction. Grati-fied, he indulges in a vast self-pity; but this psychic quick-change artist can also be mercilessly ironic about that self-pity. Above all else, he is a master of parody.

The assumption that man is rational, and the assumption that his character is definable – so important to Western literature – are both threatened when the underground man appears on the historical scene. His emergence signifies the end of the belief that the human being can be understood by means of a static psychology, and in accordance with the modernist spirit, he is seen not as a person with a unique ensemble of traits but as a history of experiences that often are impenetrable.

Brilliantly anticipated in Diderot's fiction, *Rameau's Nephew*, the underground man first appears full face in Dostoevsky's novels. Here he assumes his most exalted guise, as a whole man suffering the burdens of consciousness. In *Notes from the Underground* he scrutinizes his motives with a kind of phenomenological venom; and then, as if to silence the moralists of both Christianity and humanism who might urge upon him a therapeutic commitment to action, he enters a few relationships with other people, relationships that are commonplace yet utterly decisive

in revealing the impossibility of escape from his poisoned self.

In the 20th Century the underground man comes into his own and, like a rise of pus, breaks through the wrinkled skin of tradition. Thus far, at least, it is his century. He appears everywhere in modern literature, though seldom with the intellectual resources and intensity of grandeur that Dostoevsky accorded him. In France, during the thirties, the half-forgotten writer Louis-Ferdinand Céline published several novels in which he expressed with exuberant completeness the underground man's revulsion from the modern world. And if the underground man as portrayed by Dostoevsky could be taken as the product of an overwrought imagination, now his historical reality is beyond dispute. Author, central character and chorus, he is running the whole show.

Louis-Ferdinand Céline was born under the name of Louis Destouches in Paris in 1894. His life was shaped primarily by his sufferings in the First World War, during which he was severely wounded and had to undergo several operations on his skull. Throughout his remaining years he was tormented by migraine. "My own trouble is lack of sleep," he once wrote; "I should never have written a line if I'd been able to sleep." Working as a doctor in a poor neighborhood of Paris, Céline wrote and published in 1932 his first novel, *Journey to the End of the Night*, in which he picked up the story of his life at the close of adolescence and carried it through his middle years. The book was an immediate critical success, with figures as various as André Gide, Ramon Fernandez and Leon Trotsky saluting its irascible vitality.

Journey to the End of the Night is composed as a series of loosely-related episodes, a string of surrealist burlesques, fables of horror and manic extravaganzas, each following upon the other with energy and speed. While the

sort of novel Céline wrote – a wandering first-person narrative, picaresque in structure and expressionist in manner – presupposes an intimate relationship between author and central character, he was describing less the actual events of his life than their hallucinatory echoes, the distended memories of sleepless nights. The material in these novels is frequently appalling, yet the voice of the narrator is not at all what we have come to expect in the contemporary literature of exposure and shock. It is not a voice of cultivated sensibility, nor of moral anguish, and only on occasion does it rise to an unqualified indignation. Céline writes in a tone of cheerful nausea, a tone largely beyond bitterness or protest, as if he had decided to leave behind the metaphysics of Dostoevsky and the emotions of romanticism. Especially important here is the comparison with Dostoevsky, for it suggests how radically the underground man has experienced a change of character. Dostoevsky's underground man trembles in fright and despair before the possibility of nihilism; Céline's no longer regards a valueless existence as anything but a fact to be taken for granted.

The prose of *Journey to the End of the Night* is drawn from Parisian argot, and even those with a command of literary French find it difficult. For just as the hero of his novels is utterly unheroic ("I wasn't very wise myself but I'd grown sensible enough to be definitely a coward forever"), so is the style of those novels the opposite of literary and academic conventions. Fierce, sputtering, brawling, sometimes on the verge of hysteria, it is an "anti-style," a deliberate nose-thumbing at classical decorum. "To resensitize the language," Céline has written, "so that it pulses more than it reasons – that was my goal." As a statement of intention this is far less original than he supposes, but in its very familiarity it

fits perfectly with the general impulse of modern literature. Like most modern writers Céline does not hesitate to sacrifice composure to vividness, unity of effect to ferocity of expression. He neither cares about a fixed literary tradition nor worries about such tiresome souvenirs as formal tidiness. His aim is to burst out, to launch a diatribe of a Parisian who is at one and the same time a miserable sod and an outraged man. Psychological refinements, introspective turns of self-analysis, romantic agonies – Céline will have none of these. The underground man who moves through his novels is beyond the Promethean gesture; he looks upon modern society as a blend of asylum and abattoir; so it is, so it must be; and meanwhile, with a jovial toughness, he acts out the slogan of the declassed and disabused: *Je m'en fiche*.

The "I" of the novel is something of a louse, quite indifferent to the cautions of morality, yet he can lay claim to one virtue: he dislikes lying to himself. Not that he is infatuated with notions about the sacredness of truth. It is simply that in weighing his own feelings he wants an honest measure: he intends to be sincere with himself, even if with no one else. In one of his infrequent moments of contemplativeness, he tells himself:

"The greatest defeat, in anything, is to forget, and above all to forget what it is that has smashed you, and to let yourself be smashed without ever realizing how thoroughly devilish men can be. When our time is up, we people mustn't bear malice, but neither must we forget. . . ."

Sincerity is one of the few values to which Céline is genuinely – one almost says, sincerely – attached. Not by chance, it is also a dominant motif in modern literature, a token of that "psychology of exposure" through

which the 19th Century unmasked itself and the 20th shivers in self-contempt. The triumph of literary modernism is signalled by a turn from truth to sincerity, from the search for objective law to a desire for personal response. The first involves an effort to apprehend the nature of the universe, and can lead to metaphysics, suicide, revolution and God; the second involves an effort to discover our demons within, and makes no claim upon the world other than the right to publicize the aggressions of candor. Sincerity becomes the last-ditch defense for men without belief, and in its name absolutes can be topped, morality dispersed and intellectual systems dissolved. Sincerity of feeling and exact faithfulness of language – which now means a language of fragments, violence and exasperation – become the ruling passion of Céline's narrator. In the terrible freedom it allows him, sincerity is a bomb shattering the hypocrisies of the Third Republic; in the lawlessness of its abandonment, a force of darkness and anti-intelligence.

The dominant motif of the book is undirected flight. From its opening pages, in which the narrator casually volunteers for the army (why not?), he is constantly running from the terrors and apparitions of his world. Céline (or as he now calls himself in the novel, Bardamu) is trapped in the First World War and – unable to think about it – he refuses to take it seriously, even to the point of opposition. The pages describing the war-time experiences of Bardamu, in their reduction of official glory to nihilist farce, are among the most scathing ever composed on this theme. Bardamu prepares to go off to war; Poincaré, President of the Republic, prepares "to open a show of lapdogs;" *Vive la France!* Bardamu learns, soon enough, that bullets whistle and he must run. For a while he serves as runner to a senile, delicate and rose-loving general, and his reward – Bardamu's, not the general's – is that his feet smell. Running for the general, Bardamu comes to a major decision: if he is to survive he will have to stop running for generals and begin running from them. Heroism is for Sundays; meanwhile the Bardamus must exploit the resources of their cowardice.

Commuter Poem

Distance seems to diminish as you grow
Increasingly familiar with the route
You will grow older and will think that death
Is no surprise but just the place to go
The shortest distance and the best way out

JOHN PAUKER

And so he runs: from the army to the rear, from one hospital to another; from France to a fantastic trading post in a rotting African jungle; from the African jungle to the industrial jungle of America, first as a bum and then as a worker on the Detroit assembly lines; from America back to France, where, still running up and down stairs to earn a few francs, he becomes an indigent doctor. The one peaceful spot he finds is a post in an insane asylum. For "... when people are well, there is no way of getting away from it, they're rather frightening. ... When they can stand up, they're thinking of killing you. Whereas when they're ill ... no doubt about it, they're less dangerous."

Throughout the book Bardamu keeps looking for a strange character named Robinson, his down-at-the-heel and laconic double. Go to the edge of hopelessness and there you will find Robinson: in the front lines, where he proposes a scheme for desertion; in Africa, where he is getting ready to run off with the company's funds; and in Detroit, where he provides tips on brothels. Repeated through the book as a mock-ritual, these meetings between underground man and shameless alter-ego lead to nothing, for here all quests are futile, even one so modest as Bardamu's for Robinson. When Robinson dies there is nothing more to look for, and the concluding words of the book, a virtual manifesto of disgust, are: "Let's hear no more of all of this."

Images of death streak the novel. The African episode is a journey to the death of archaic tribalism, the American a journey to the death of industrial civilization. Backward or forward, it's all the same, "a great heap of worm-eaten sods like me, bleary, shivering and lousy." Céline is obsessed not merely with the inexorability of death but even more with the vision of putrefactions: "... Three feet below ground I ... will be streaming with maggots, stinking more horribly than a heap of bank-holiday dung, all my disillusioned flesh absurdly rotting."

The algebra of our century: flight from death equals flight to death. But is there in this wild and rasping novel perhaps something more, perhaps a flicker of positive vision? Doesn't the enormity of Céline's hatred indicate some hidden

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JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S

Approach to the Sociology and Philosophy of History

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by ERIC CHOU

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by ILYA EHRENBURG

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by VITTORIO LANTERNARI

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yearning for the good which he himself can hardly express? In principle it is hard to deny such a possibility. Céline too has his humanities, and can be lavish with bottom-dog compassion; without some yearning for the good, one might suppose, he could hardly summon the energy needed for so vindictive an outburst against "man's viciousness." But the particular truth about this novel is less ennobling, less assuaging. As a force within the book,

this presumptive yearning for good is hard to discover, perhaps because it is buried beneath the debris of disillusion. Beneath that debris there may well be a misshapen core of moral sentiment, but it can seldom compete for attention with Céline's rich provisioning of symptoms of disorder and sensations of disgust.

This is the first section of a two-part essay on Céline.

Horror-Story from Kentucky

by Gerald W. Johnson

Harry M. Caudill sticks rigidly to facts and figures without resort to imagination, but he has produced a document that for the evocation of horrors makes *Dracula* read like a bed-time story for the kiddies.

It is an account of the slow, remorseless murder of man, beast, and the very earth for no better purpose than the satiation of blind greed that destroyed

Night Comes to the Cumberlandlands
by Harry M. Caudill
(Atlantic-Little Brown; \$6.75)

far greater riches than it extracted from the ravaged soil. It is an ancient story, expanding into a book what the Gospels state in a few lines, as, for instance, Matthew 8:32—"behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."

The fate of the Gadarene swine was explained with great simplicity: they were possessed of devils. But the strikingly similar case of the American

swine is not to be disposed of so readily. To call them devil-possessed would probably be held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court; but that they have yielded to a suicidal mania is all too evident.

Caudill, a native of the region, describes what has happened to the Cumberland plateau, in eastern Kentucky, as a result of the wasteful and destructive methods of coal mining followed there for the past fifty years. This is bad enough, but a worse horror lurks behind it; it is the fact that this brainless policy was not devised, adopted and ruthlessly pursued by the *Simiidae* inhabiting the coves and hollows of the Cumberlandlands but by the tycoons of American industry and finance. These are popularly supposed to be intelligent, if amoral; but the methods by which they have "developed" the Cumberlandlands would have reflected small credit on the intellectual capacity of the most anthropoid among the hillbillies.

They swindled the mountaineers, of course, but Caudill, no sentimentalist, obviously leans to the opinion that such people were born to be swindled. They were originally frontiersmen who failed to keep up with the frontier, and when they were engulfed by civilization, they lacked the capacity to make the necessary adjustments. They continued to live like frontiersmen, and when they were stirred by some faint impulse to adjust, they received more kicks than help from the smarter plainsmen surrounding them.

They were the predestined victims of sharpers, which was to be expected.

What was not expected, but is made appallingly clear in this book, is that the sharpers did not stop with swindling the mountaineers; they went on to swindle themselves, to swindle Kentucky, to swindle the nation and, worst of all, to swindle future generations.

The history of the Cumberlandlands is a dismal cyclic movement of boom-and-bust. Enormous wealth has been drawn from the Cumberlandlands, but the total losses have exceeded the gains. What money has not been lost has gone into the pockets of *rentiers* more often resident in California, Florida and the French Riviera than in the Cumberlandlands. Furthermore, the money losses have been equalled or exceeded by human losses; the mountaineers, once hardy, prolific, and fiercely independent, remain prolific, but neither hardy nor independent. Fully half of them are decrepit, sickly dependents on the dole, state, national or private. The region is now an immense strain on Kentucky and on the national treasury.

How this came about is clearly and sometimes brilliantly explained in this book. It is a miserable story but, as far as the Cumberlandlands are concerned, it is "as a tale that is told." The superlative horror of the book is not its account of what has happened, but its revelation that the same flight from intelligence that ruined the Cumberlandlands continues in full force and effect. Just over the mountains from this devastated region is another area that thirty years ago was but slightly less advanced in decay than this one; but at a moment when the anti-intellectuals were thrown into confusion by the Great Depression, ordinary common sense was applied, and today the Tennessee Valley flourishes amazingly and its wealth not only increases, but sticks. The total amount of public money devoted to this project was some \$600 million, about as much as we now pour into armament every four days.

Yet one can hardly pick up a magazine of national circulation today without finding expensive advertising space purchased by Big Business and devoted to arguing that the TVA is "creeping socialism," draining the resources of the country and undermining its institutions. Meanwhile a dozen other "depressed areas" have started down the

"DID YOU KNOW that more than half the United States is a depressed area? The bureaucrats who ladle out federal funds under the Area Redevelopment Act say so, and are prepared to lend lots of money at interest rates lower than those paid by the Federal Government itself to just about anyone in that disadvantaged majority of the country (particularly if he wants to build a motel—the ARA just loves motels)."

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road traveled by the Cumberlands. Many of them, perhaps all of them, could be salvaged by an intelligent social policy; but they probably will not, because anti-intellectualism – bah! anti-common sense – is still endemic among our business and political leaders. And we worry about Communism!

Night Comes to the Cumberlands is bleak. Mr. Caudill has no faith in re-

habilitation; the displaced coal-miners will simply have to be allowed to die off with as little scandal as possible. But the younger generation could have a chance with some outside help, and the land itself might yet be made a national treasure. But it will take brains to do it, and as long as we equate thinking with treason, brains cannot operate effectively.

ciations, his actions as well as in spirit.

The creation of a deviant begins with social judgments about which rules are to be enforced and which rulebreakers are to be considered unreliable. These judgments – and the rules they spawn – are conventionally believed to express and defend basic values of society, and often do so, for example in the prohibition of murder. But there are many less widely shared or less intensively believed-in values whose violation does not upset most people until what Becker calls a moral entrepreneur emerges on the scene to create a sense of outrage about the violation and calls for rules to meet the situation. Becker illustrates this process by analyzing the development of legislation banning the use of marijuana. Although the drug became available in America soon after World War I, there was no opposition to its use until the early 1930's when the Federal Bureau of Narcotics began a campaign to outlaw it. After encouraging or planting highly exaggerated stories of the drug's dangers in the press, the agency went to Congress, and using the articles as an index of public outrage, obtained the legislation it wanted.

In short, Becker argues that many of the rules which define deviant behavior develop out of a political process in which a minority uses standard lobbying techniques to have its moral values – or its vested interests – translated into enforceable regulations.

These assertions do not of course preclude the possibility that the deviant is nevertheless a person driven by deviant

Round Pegs, Square Holes

by Herbert J. Gans

Criminals, drug addicts, homosexuals, but also bohemians, radicals or even racially mixed couples, who are described as nonconformists in popular terminology and deviants in the sociological one, are commonly thought to behave as they do because of some per-

Outsiders:

Studies in the Sociology of Deviance
by Howard S. Becker
(Free Press; \$5)

sonal quirk or failing. Becker, a sociologist who has studied drug addicts and jazz musicians as a participant-observer – he is himself a professional musician – offers a quite different explanation. He begins by pointing out that deviants – or outsiders – are people who break socially accepted rules, but that many people break many rules without ever being marked as deviants. Thus, it is not the act of rule-breaking but the judgment made about the act and the perpetrator that creates deviance. As he puts it, "deviance is not a quality of the act the person commits but rather a consequence of the application by others of rules to an offender. The deviant is one to whom that label has been successfully applied; deviant behavior is behavior that people so label." An illicit sexual relationship, for example, violates the rules, but few people are upset about it unless it results in pregnancy without benefit of wedlock; and even then it is the unmarried mother but not the father who is labelled deviant. Likewise, a middle-class boy who indulges in vandalism is thought to be mischievous, but a lower-class boy who does the same thing is generally ex-

pected to be a delinquent, and therefore treated as one. It is our judgment about rule-breakers rather than their overt acts which leads to this punishing distinction.

When this judgment is publicly enforced, the rule-breaker is placed in a new status, "as someone who is different from the rest of us, who cannot or will not act as a moral human being, and therefore might break other important rules." Moreover, the institutions which enforce the judgment help make it so, for studies of prisons and mental hospitals have shown that these often transform sporadic rule-breakers into permanent deviants. Even after they are released, ex-cons and addicts who have kicked the habit are treated as if they were still outsiders, and this may help to drive them back into deviant acts. But if society continues to judge the individual as a deviant, he begins to think of himself as one, and eventually becomes one – in his asso-

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motivations, liable to break many rules, and a danger to social stability. But Becker indicates that this is by no means so, that most so-called deviants are quite "normal" by all psychological criteria, are not promiscuous rule-breakers, and most important, do not develop deviant motivations simply because they commit acts considered deviant. His studies among marijuana-users suggest that most of them use the drug sporadically for pleasure, much as others use liquor. (Incidentally, a number of doctors and social scientists believe that marijuana is considerably less harmful as a depressant than alcohol,

both for the individual and for the rest of society.)

More significant, the act of becoming high on marijuana is not simply a chemical effect, but a socially-learned behavior. Becker shows in considerable detail how users must learn not only to become receptive to the drug, and to feel high, but also how to connect this feeling with the taking of the drug. This involves participation in a drug-using group and learning its culture. It is only when—and if—a marijuana user becomes a permanent member of such a group that he develops the motivations and the ideology that make him

see himself as a deviant. If marijuana use had not been judged a deviant act, he would be unlikely to join such a group on a permanent basis or to develop the deviant motivations.

Marijuana is not an addictive drug, but research among heroin users shows that here too, group membership affects the intake of, and the reaction to the drug. A study among heroin-using teenagers in New York some years ago found that only some of them became addicts, and that those who belonged to gangs which rejected addicts were not likely to be "hooked."

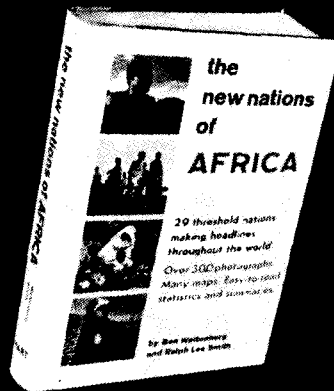
Becker does not claim that all deviant behavior fits his theory. Some of it can undoubtedly be laid to people driven by a generalized need to rebel, to retreat from reality or to destroy society or themselves. For these deviants, a primarily psychological explanation may be relevant, but such explanations have received so much scientific and popular attention in comparison to the small number of people covered by them that Becker's theory is a badly needed antidote.

His theory also has some useful implications for public policy. The psychological explanation of deviance assumes the existence of a monolithic entity called society which is functioning more or less satisfactorily but which may be harmed by the deviant. Becker, on the other hand, assumes that society is a congerie of conflicting subcultures and interest groups which condemn deviants because they are different, and because they make the more powerful groups uncomfortable about their own repressed impulses, rather than because they are harmful.

Becker's book is a scientific study, but if he were making recommendations for public policy, he would undoubtedly argue for a *laissez-faire* approach to the handling of most deviant behavior, and for the restructuring of those rule-making and enforcing agencies that participate in the often arbitrary judgments of deviance. More immediately, his conclusions, and the parallel ones of Erving Goffman's work on mental hospitals, suggest that the methods of isolation and treatment for such deviants as addicts and the mentally ill should not be the veiled punishment for deviance that they so often are.

This point of view can also be applied

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fruitfully to the current concern with poverty. Many of the traditional attempts to help the poor have really sought to do away with their culture because it is considered deviant by the middle class – social workers are assigned this as one of their functions – rather than to do something about the causes of poverty. The result of these policies is to drive the poor further into deviance and widen the gap between them and the more affluent sectors

of society, a consequence that may hearten the advocates of revolution or black nationalism, but no one else.

The ultimate questions about deviance: how are we to distinguish it from mere cultural difference; what kinds are really harmful to society in whole or in part, and to the individual himself; and conversely, what are the positive contributions of deviants – not the geniuses but those of average skill – to society, remain to be answered.

FILMS

The Footballer and the Lady

Lindsay Anderson, the British director and critic, is a pioneer of the "new" film that has arisen in Britain since the Second War. His short documentary *O Dreamland* (1953) seems to have been a seed-bed for much that is in the later social-realist films of Tony Richardson and others. In addition, Anderson is noted for his theatrical direction in London; this includes *The Long and*

This Sporting Life (Continental)

the Short and the Tall with Peter O'Toole; *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*; *Billy Liar* with Albert Finney. He has at last been enabled to make his first feature-length film, *This Sporting Life*.

The screenplay, by David Storey from his own novel, tells of a young miner turned footballer who lodges in a Midlands city with a widow a bit older than himself, who batters his way to heroism on the playing field and, figuratively, batters his way into the reluctant widow's bed. He is not a mere brute but he has brutish power, and he is largely restricted to it as a mode of expression. His hunger for love, for her love, heedless of her condition, drives him to shatter her private sanctities and, in time, to shatter her. The stress kills her (a brain hemorrhage) and leaves him a lonely scarred bull charging blindly around the football field. It is the story of an emotional need that is converted to egoism by rejection, that destroys what it prizes by insisting on loving without understanding.

From Anderson one expects a concern

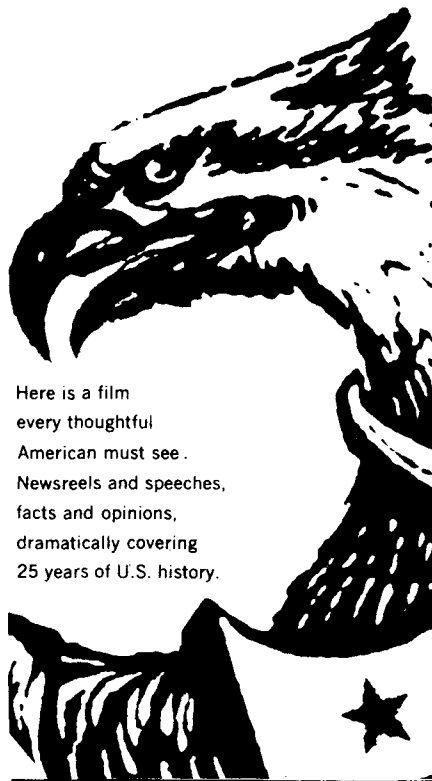
to make the film respond to life with immediacy and heat. To a considerable extent this is the case here. From its opening on the field (and it is rugby they play, all brawn and smash – not deft, dancing soccer), we get a sense of sport as microcosm, less a game than raw antagonism, an outlet for energy and hate and frustration that society no longer provides elsewhere. All the football sequences – aided by Denys Coop's photography, Peter Taylor's film editing, and Chris Greenham's sound editing – have the shocking effect of a fist thumping solid meat.

The first three-quarters of the film are in flashback adroitly interwoven with the present. This technique neatly pins the exposition and development of the story to a present point of interest that is moving forward. The encounters between the man and the widow – and encounters are what they are, not love scenes – are harrowing in their ravage, their desperate embraces, their sense of hopeless schism. The final furious quarrel between the two is as terrible as any between man and women that I can remember on film. We feel them tearing the flesh off each other as, all the while, they wish that the world could be re-made, that time could be turned back to when they were born.

Anderson is helped greatly by his two leading actors and, no doubt, has helped them in return. Richard Harris, an undismissible figure in previous, smaller roles, here has a part that makes the most of his ability to transmute his sheer physical power into eruptive

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emotion and commanding presence. He seems compounded of the forces of youth: anger, sex, loneliness, arrogance. This first film leading role will, I hope, lead to parts with chances for variety and further subtleties.

Rachel Roberts, who was excellent as Albert Finney's ravaging lover in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, is equally but quite differently excellent as the widow. From the start she strikes notes of fierce resignation: glad she is through with the turmoil of love and sex, fearful of the young man, savagely defensive of her isolation. We see the man progressively affecting her, but this is no waking Sleeping Princess; it is sex that is being stirred, little else, and she doesn't like it. The picnic scene, as she watches the man playing with her children, is a small gem of interest grudgingly revived. And—with Harris—her final fight rocks the screen. The range of Miss Roberts' perceptions and powers is now further proved.

Not all the film is so fortunate. Most of the weaknesses in script and execu-

tion are too commingled to be separable. The team backer, overplayed by Alan Badel with oily clichés, is introduced with suggestions of villainy, the criminal figure often hovering on the edges of commercialized sport. But no such thing: he turns out simply to be a business man who owns a piece of the team. The vicious and criminal implications are pointless, just trite hangovers from past sports films. The old man who scouts for the team is drawn at length as a kind of shabby Fate (with a hint of homosexuality) who keeps materializing out of the shadows. Toward the end of the film he disappears, unexplained, unfulfilled. The episode in which Harris takes the widow out for the first time is a gauche scene instead of a scene of *gaucherie*. In a posh restaurant he puts his feet on a chair, insults other guests, chivvies the waiter—all quite unbelievable in view of the weeks it took him to get the widow to come out with him and his anxiety to please her. The woman walks out in understandable embarrassment; yet when he follows her home, she agrees to go to bed with him—an incredible ending to an incredible episode.

The film's viewpoint wavers. It is almost entirely a "first-person" picture, through the man's eyes, but occasionally it goes to other viewpoints, as when we see the widow sitting on her bed listening to the drunken lodger come upstairs. This is not a merely academic fault; it weakens the artistic consistency, our feeling of the man pounding at the gates wondering what is really within. And the symbolism of the spider on the wall over her deathbed is so crude as to thrust us right "out" of the film.

The whole last sequence, after the separation of the lovers, is a disintegration, not a conclusion. Time has to be filled out in the structure to give the widow a chance to have her illness and reach death's door. The man goes off to a flophouse, ostensibly because the old team-scout once lived there but more likely because the director wanted the visual contrast; then, arbitrarily, without any dramatic point of change, he returns, learns that she is in the hospital, and finds her in time to see her die. Then he mourns in the empty house. These last events, instead of

being climactic and agonized, give us a sense of waiting around for "The End." We feel the man waiting for it, too. These are not dramatically conclusive actions, they are simply reverberations of the conclusion (the separation) that has already taken place.

The script's basic thematic flaw is that there is no real interaction between the football story and the love story; they are two quite separate entities. If Harris had never become a football star, it would have had no substantial effect on his relations with the widow. They would have taken a bus to the country instead of his big car, he would have got her a cloth coat instead of a fur coat. It was not his money or celebrity that swayed her (or else their whole story collapses). Conversely, if the widow had never existed, it would not have affected his football career a jot. It was not to impress her that he tried out for the team nor did she have any important relation to his cockiness and trouble there. The title, *This Sporting Life*, hints at a relationship and comment that are missing.

This film shows Anderson's awareness that social realism for its own sake is (and in England has reached) a dead end. He is trying to comprehend people, not to document an environment. But the vehicle he has chosen—the story of the poor lad using sport as a means to climb and being exploited by it as he exploits it—is a familiar one. (*Golden Boy* is the best of a score of others.) And he has not compensated completely for its familiarities. All the elements are not carefully controlled, and the occasional banalities are jarring. But the picture's fine qualities—the torrential man-woman scenes, the football fury, the imaginative use of flashback—are what we would have expected from Anderson and what make us look forward to his next film.

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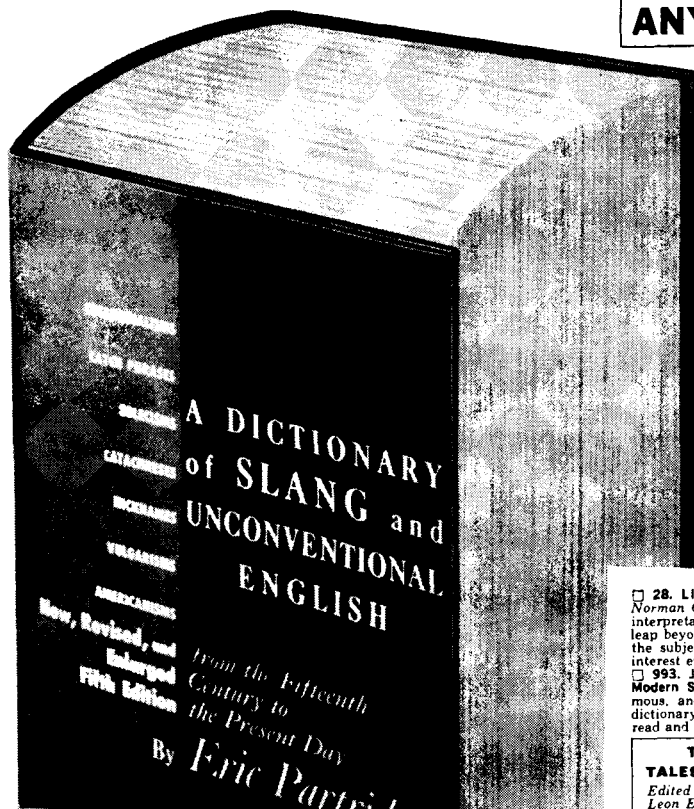
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Godfrey Hodgson is Washington correspondent for *The Observer* (London). Phil Hirsch is a free-lance writer who reports on national politics. John Parker is the author of a forthcoming book, *Serried Poems*. Herbert J. Gans' newest book is *The Urban Villagers*.

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Genocide

Sirs:

Justice Michael A. Musmanno comes off surprisingly well against two important antagonists; Dr. Hannah Arendt (in *The New York Times Book Review*, June 23), and Professor Bruno Bettelheim (in *The New Republic*, June 29). Dr. Arendt questions Musmanno's conclusions in his (unfavorable) review of her book, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, and Musmanno, as if to answer Dr. Arendt, questions Professor Bettelheim's conclusions in his (favorable) review of the Arendt work.

I shall concern myself only with the Musmanno-Bettelheim correspondence in *The New Republic*. What is the argument all about?

Why did the Jews go to the gas chambers like "lambs to the slaughter"? Dr. Bettelheim has raised the question several times, in his own work and in his discussion of the Arendt book. Profes-

sor Bettelheim says the family of Anne Frank should have shown some resistance. But what about the kulaks, five million of them; strong, sturdy, peasant stock; why didn't they "run" from Stalin; why didn't they resist? The question impresses itself immediately; is it at all possible to "fight back" against genocide? Genocide has happened before. Is it really possible to fight back against a process which is incomprehensible even as it is in full motion before your very eyes? The Bulgarians, fierce warriors; why didn't they "resist" when the Turks slaughtered a half million of them in 1876? And the Armenians, too, were genocide victims in 1916. The Turks stationed drummer-boys around the town of Harput to drown out the cries of the thousands of men, women and children destroyed during a ten-day indiscriminate slaughter. But Dr. Bettelheim wanted Otto Frank to resist, at least to run, to fight back! Is this fair? No wonder Musmanno is bewildered. Musmanno, a Roman Catholic, arguing with two famous Jewish scholars is probably unaware of an essentially Jewish phenomenon — turning the knife — self-hatred.

I remember talking with the actor Canada Lee who had been blacklisted. He told me that he had knocked on a hundred doors in an attempt to "fight back," but it was no use. "There's nothing I can do," he said; "there's nothing anybody can do." This was not in Nazi Europe; it was in a cafe on West 49th Street in New York. Only a man's livelihood was at stake; just imagine what the terror can be when it concentrates on the final solution — to kill you.

I was amused by Bettelheim's reply to Musmanno on the question whether the six million massacred Jews suffered "martyrdom." Musmanno says, yes. Bettelheim says, no. And to back up his opinion Bettelheim says we must be careful of the definition of the word "martyr" in an ordinary Webster's Dictionary, the only reliable source is, to quote the Professor, "Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged (1963)" (oo ha!), and the professor proceeds to quote the definition, "in full," he says.

I was wondering about this: Suppose

Dr. Bettelheim had a patient, a young woman whose parents had died in the gas chambers of Auschwitz, and suppose during the consultation the young woman inadvertently spoke of her "martyred" parents. Would Dr. Bettelheim go to the bookcase for Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged, (1963) and set her straight on the definition?

The most interesting letter in this entire Arendt-Bettelheim versus Musmanno exchange was in the June 23 *Times*. It was signed by a J. Peter Williamson of Hanover, N. H. Said Williamson: "Justice Musmanno simply feels that Jews, Israel, Zionists, Ben-Gurion (*et al*) . . . are above earthly criticism."

Ah! It figures. There goes that "Jew" Musmanno again harassing those "Gentile" scholars, Hannah Arendt and Bruno Bettelheim!

Harry Golden
Charlotte, N. C.

Bruno Bettelheim was much too gentle in turning away the wrathful letter of Michael A. Musmanno (June 29) on the Eichmann case. Justice Musmanno's original review of Dr. Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, which sparked this controversy, was one of the most disgraceful performances of our day, and a literary scandal from which *The New York Times Book Review* will not soon recover. It was not simply that Musmanno had misread and misrepresented Miss Arendt's text, but that *The Times* had chosen to assign the book to someone discussed unfavorably in it, and then printed his self-serving distortions

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without mentioning this fact, or correcting the numerous errors. Thus, an extraordinarily subtle study of totalitarianism was passed off, in our most influential newspaper, as a defense (!) of Adolph Eichmann, while the reviewer proceeded to substitute the language of his own hysteria (in Musmanno's imagery, evil is the exclusive province of mad dogs and inhuman beasts) for the author's penetrating insights into the horrible ordinariness of totalitarian man.

All of Musmanno's subsequent writings on this subject have been characterized by the same self-righteous tone, the same inability to comprehend irony, and the same distortion of meaning that marked his original review. Whenever Musmanno comes upon an insight that he cannot understand, he dismisses it as "metaphysical speculation" or takes off on a flight of outraged judicial rhetoric such as he probably visits on some of those who appear before his bench. But it is truth, not Musmanno, which has been outraged. Miss Arendt was too heartsick in her letter to *The Times* to document point by point how Musmanno had warped her meaning; but I counted five such distortions of her text in his reply to her letter alone; and Dr. Bettelheim, in discussing the way his article was treated, has also commented on Musmanno's indifference to the rules of evidence, and even of grammar. In a reviewer, this cavalier approach to truth is shocking enough; in a judge, it is terrifying. At this point, Musmanno seems less interested in a reasoned discussion of Eichmann than in defending his own part in the case, and in justifying his discredited review. But if he has any wisdom, he will now find sanctuary in discreet silence.

The whole dismal affair demonstrates what happens when a difficult and discomforting idea collides with the received opinion of an uninformed citizenry, the official doctrines of defensive political figures, and the timid policies of a large newspaper which dares not confront the fearless discoveries of an intellect devoted only to the truth. The resistance to Miss Arendt's book has come largely from the liberal elements of the community, but the way in which her ideas have been represented is anti-liberal in the extreme. It is pre-

cisely this interring of the truth under high-sounding slogans which sows the seeds from which totalitarianism grows.

Robert Brustein
New York, N. Y.

As a survivor of the German concentration camps and as a historian of that nightmare, I would like to comment on Dr. Bettelheim's review of Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. My book, *Auschwitz, ein Tatsachenbericht*, published in Germany in 1956, has been used as a standard historical reference for that era, and none of the facts therein have been questioned or refuted.

Although he does not openly sympathize with Eichmann, as does Arendt, Bettelheim sees man as a cog in the machinery of the totalitarian state. This is one view of the facts, perhaps more fruitful for understanding totalitarianism than for evaluating personal responsibility and guilt. I can add little to this debate. However, I must protest the biased implication, based on selective data in both Arendt's and Bettelheim's writings, that many of the Jewish leaders cooperated with the Nazis as accessories in the annihilation of their own people. Arendt writes at some length about the Jewish traitors mentioned in the Eichmann trial and to whom Eichmann referred as his "associates." Indeed, there were some traitors and I, too, know their names, but they were truly a tiny minority. (History has always had a better memory for traitors than for heroes.) Missing in Arendt's book and Bettelheim's review are the names and stories of the many leaders of the Jewish community in Germany who risked and lost their lives in a vain and desperate search for a road out of the valley of death for their people. They could have fled to safer shores but they remained, fully aware of their responsibilities as leaders, fully aware of the possible consequences, and they paid knowingly and heroically with their lives. Missing from these writings also are the many names of those who committed suicide rather than help the Nazis in the annihilation of their brethren. I knew many of these people, but they are dead and silent and their stories are remembered only by a meager handful of survivors. Some of the executioners and the traitors still live

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and their versions are heard. From such distorted, selective data Arendt and Bettelheim draw their conclusions as to the behavior of European Jewry in the face of mass genocide.

Lucie Adelsberger, M.D.

Montefiore Hospital, New York

Nowhere in her book does Hannah Arendt minimize Eichmann's guilt; in fact, one long section is devoted to a recapitulation of Eichmann's arrangement and movement of 400,000 Jews in Hungary to the death camps - this alone, she points out, were there nothing else, makes him specifically guilty of the charge, fully documentable. Arendt in no way exculpates Eichmann; on the contrary, she pointedly includes him in the Western Christian collapse.

Gil Orlovitz

New York, N. Y.

People of the Slums

Sirs:

Joan Colebrook's article on "People of the Slums - Relocation or Renewal?" in your issue of June 15, 1963, is far less scholarly and reasoned, and far more emotional and careless than any serious study of the urban renewal program should be. As a result, it is very difficult to give serious consideration to those of Miss Colebrook's criticisms and suggestions which deserve attention.

I am working in New Haven's redevelopment program and I have an intimate knowledge of what has happened here. (I am not familiar with the fact-situations in the other cities cited in the article.) I am very much distressed by the fact that the author's one and only reference to New Haven is completely inaccurate. She stated as follows: "... and in New Haven, supposedly the 'pride of planning', the old ghetto at Oak Street has been born again at Dixswell [sic] Avenue."

The Dixwell area has been the center of New Haven's Negro population for generations. Its character was not created by relocation from the Oak Street area, which began in 1956. The following figures will clearly bear this out.

In 1950, 62.34 percent of the population of the Dixwell area was non-

white. In 1960, the figure was 72.58 percent. By comparison, the percentage of non-white in New Haven's total population was 5.97 percent in 1950, and 14.91 percent in 1960. These statistics are reported in the census. Of the 886 families relocated from Oak Street, 400 (45 percent) were white, and 486 (55 percent) were non-white. Of the non-white families, 342, or 70 percent relocated to 12 neighborhoods other than Dixwell, and 144, or 30 percent relocated to Dixwell. Most of these moved into public housing before the advent of redevelopment.

Furthermore, the author refers to the area as "Dixswell." The proper spelling is "Dixwell."

The inaccuracy of the author's factual references, together with her misspelling of the name of the area, lead me to suspect that she is unfamiliar with New Haven's redevelopment program, and might not even have ever been here. She appears to be willing to chance inaccuracy, which in this case she has achieved, for the sake of a well balanced sentence.

Louis A. Mangone
New Haven, Conn.

In reply:

Mr. Mangone's reaction to my article - "People in the Slums" - interests me because it concentrates upon the article's least important aspects.

One fact which disturbs him is a typist's error - Dixswell instead of Dixwell. From this he assumes that I have never been to New Haven (of course I have been to New Haven, but it's fortunate indeed that one doesn't have to depend upon one's physical presence for required knowledge). When I said the ghetto was "born again" - I meant this in the sense of "revivified" by new residents. Finally, Mr. Mangone feels that the figures he quotes destroy my argument, whereas I feel that they ac-

Coming

Lippmann: An Appreciation

by Louis J. Halle

tually buttress it. The figures suggest that a third of the Negroes were sent from one ghetto-like area to swell another ghetto. The other two-thirds were relocated in 12 neighborhoods—but without analyzing this process we are little further ahead. Were the Negroes relocated in white neighborhoods? Did they relocate themselves? Were they relocated in projects which were *de facto* segregated? Did they get into the projects of their choice?

Knowing the great bitterness among Negroes about their relocation, and taking information from people I trust (for instance, from Charles Abrams and other honest sources), I can only say that the answers to these questions would determine whether the Negroes had any choice in housing, and therefore whether there was justification for their being moved at all.

Perhaps because I have worked with the people themselves, and Mr. Mangone is working with redevelopment, our sympathies are different.

But rather humbly I would like to ask him whether he *himself* is not troubled as I am, by the underlying truths I tried to outline? And I would like to ask why (errors or no errors), "it is very difficult to give serious consideration to those of Miss Colebrook's criticisms and suggestions which deserve attention?" If some of my criticisms and suggestions deserve attention why are they not given attention? I am less interested in proving myself right than in hearing what solutions the redevelopment authorities can apply to these human problems.

Joan Colebrook

The Webbs Down Under

Sirs:

I have read with interest Mr. Kauffmann's discussion of *Beatrice Webb's American Diary, 1898* (June 22) and think that some of your subscribers may be interested to know that the New Zealand portions of the diary of this trip into the hinterlands of civilization were published a few years ago: *Visit to New Zealand in 1898; Beatrice Webb's Diary with Entries by Sidney Webb* (Wellington, Price, Milburn & Co., 1959, 10 shillings, 6 pence, N. Z.). An Australian portion still awaits publication. I myself read the Australian diary at Passfield Corners in November 1936, but as Mrs. Webb asked that I not make notes on it, my memory of its content is now sadly faded. However I still have the impression that it reflects the same acute but limited insight into a "foreign" society that Mr. Kauffmann detected in the American diary. Wherever the Webbs went beyond the cliffs of Dover, they went "out" from the center and they judged the societies of the outer marches by standards and in accordance with their understanding of the center. One could not chat long with the Webbs without realizing that intellectually they were without final sympathy and understanding of "foreigners," even the "foreigners" who were misguided enough to take up residence in the far places of the British Empire.

C. Hartley Grattan
Katona, N. Y.

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